

THE MAGAZINE FOR AND BY BONDAGE PEOPLE

# bondage life

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER SEVEN

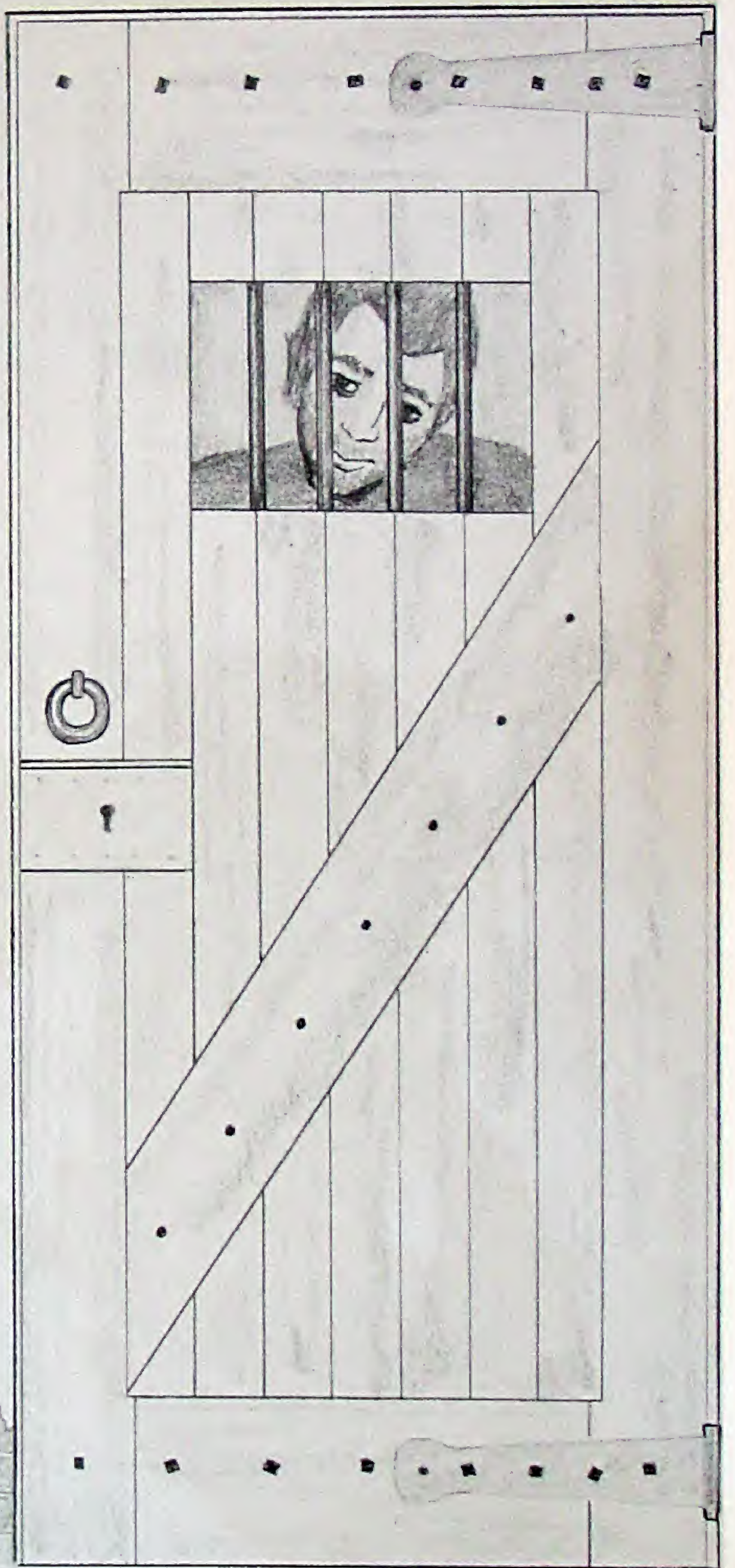
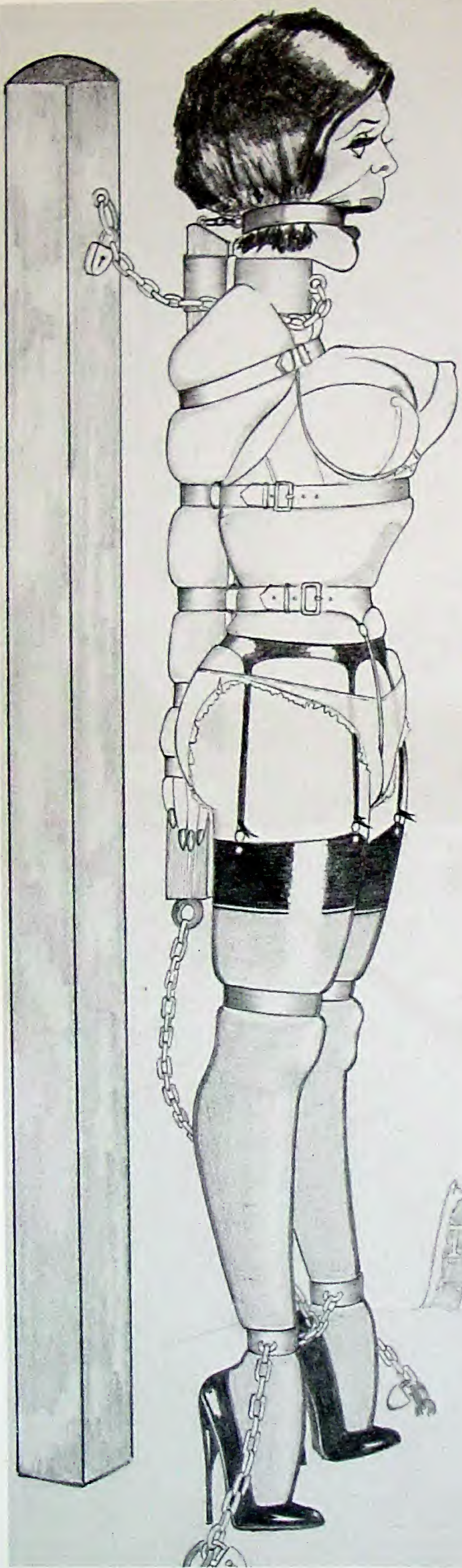
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BOUND, GAGGED AND....BAGGED!





44



# Help Wanted... (Yours)

**A**s we mention elsewhere in this edition of "Bondage Life," we cling to the belief that the very best part of this magazine should be its "By The People" section.

There is just something better and more intriguing about bondage words and bondage pictures that are created by actual bondage people. The work is more honest, more accurate, more personal. We get to see our passion as seen and felt by others whose passion is the same, a kind of lovely, personal sharing that no human being can ever get enough of.

If that is true, then, frankly, our "By The People" section just isn't cutting it. What it needs is you. Your words, your images. The gift of what you have to share with us.

You can contribute without compromising your privacy. Your photographs can be posed so that the identity of the person in the picture cannot be discerned. Your writing, if published, can be published anonymously.

What we are asking is that you help make Bondage Life better than it is—better for you, better for everyone. And, if you are interested in contributing some writing, we do ask that it be typed and double-spaced or at least legibly handwritten. We ask also that it be honest, controlled, soft-core, to the point, and respectful in terms of language and content.

"Bondage Life" is a very good magazine, but it should be a great one. If it does become great, it will be because of an improved "By The People" section, the section for which you, the reader, are most responsible.







# bondage life

THE MAGAZINE BY AND FOR BONDAGE PEOPLE • VOLUME ONE, NUMBER SEVEN • JULY 1980



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# For The People

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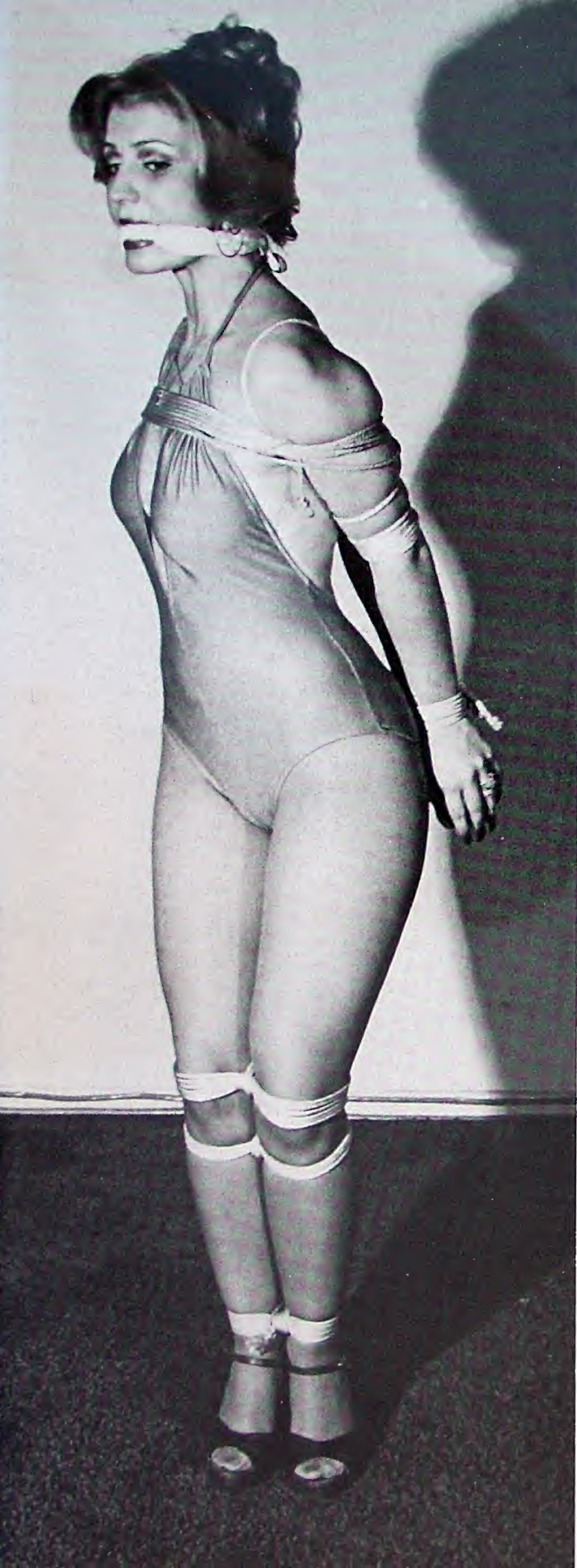
## JULIET MAITLAND

*TRULY FIT TO BE TIED*



Sometimes, ill will between model and photographer can actually produce a mood that is different and happily off-beat, the eventual case in this series of three photo sequences of Juliet Maitland.







This first sequence shows Juliet tightly bound and gagged and dressed in a bright red panty-leotard and heels. It was our first bondage experience with her. She was extremely good-natured and cooperative, anxious to please, eager to become one of Harmony's regular Bound Beauties, even going so far as to implore us to tie her tighter, gag her more severely. We complied with her request by indeed pulling the ropes tighter and pushing the gag farther into her mouth and knotting it more firmly. She really then was transformed into a Bound Beauty.









A few bondage engagements later, we sensed that Juliet figured we needed her a lot more than she needed us and our professional relationship was clouded by mutual ill will. Juliet got openly grumpy, and Mr. Harmon, who is extremely considerate of the Bound Beauties of Harmony and well-liked in turn by them, became impatient with Juliet's less-than-pleasant attitude. Those of you who saw the first Harmony books know that Mr. Harmon is no great shakes when it comes to tying and gagging (you either have it or you don't, and he doesn't have it) and has not been Harmony's binder and gagger for a couple of years now. Usually, he is a bit too considerate of the model's comfort which becomes reflected by bad bondsmanship. But, on this occasion, he was angry and didn't really give a damn about Juliet's comfort which cast him as the right guy to handle the ropes this time. And so he did. Please witness the ropes *tightly* wound around Juliet's legs in this series. Please know that her mouth has been completely filled with spandex and the spandex wrapped around her mouth has been pulled to its full limit and very carefully bound in place just like that. Best of all, check out that facial expression on Fair Juliet. Angry? You bet she's angry. But there isn't one damn thing she can do about it and you should've heard the taunts the very pleased Mr. Harmon was handing her on this auspicious occasion. Somehow, the fact that she had to sit there and take it and couldn't get any silly words of her own out past that muffled mouth made her bondage seem even more beautiful and appropriate.

















# NEW BOUND BEAUTY SOFIA RIGA (WELL, SORTA NEW ANYWAY)



Traditionally, the more beautiful of Harmony's Bound Beauties are initially introduced in "Bondage Life" and then gradually incorporated into Harmony's monthly photo-set books. But, in the case of ravishing Sofia Riga, the star of these bondage pictures, history will be compelled to note that she first got herself tied up and gagged for Harmony in last month's "Revolt of the Bondage Models" photo serial books. Hers may have been the most smashing bondage debut of the decade, although we have 9½ years remaining in which to top it. Anyway, here is Sofia, tied fastly and gagged sweetly for a pleasant hour or two of bondage contemplation, just about the way John Willie would have treated her.













## TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

Sultry Libby Curtis and personable Cody Nichole managed to put their heads together for this lovely bondage impression.



















## SOME OF THE BEST OF WHAT NATURE HAS TO OFFER....

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and, thou,  
Cody Nichole..... bound and gagged  
and at your very best, ingredients for a  
gentle day in the country.



# More Bondage in Popular Literature: a Common Motif in Detective and Gothic Tales

By Brian Sands.



**T**he beautiful heroine clad in lace languished on the floor of the Hidden (and Forbidden) Room of the old mansion. Across her lips a crisp black silk scarf was bandaged cruelly, knotted so tightly that her cheeks bulged above it. Behind the scarf and wedged between her jaws was a cambric handkerchief, wadded to stifle all but the faintest sound. Slender wrists were held together by thin cord. Arms that strained unsuccessfully for release were fastened by multiple windings of thicker cord close to her body, elbows drawn tightly into the small of her back. She rolled awkwardly to one side, tossing her long wavy tresses from her face, released by the slipped hair ribbon of blue. Her legs wrapped together from ankles to thighs, trussed thoroughly with strips of sheeting like a mummy, made of her body a single helpless unit. On the other side of the door the floor boards by the staircase creaked. Shoes scuffed at the carpet and a key rattled harshly in the uncoiled lock. Fearfully she lifted her head and turned her face to stare at the slowly opening door, her wide frightened eyes highlighted by the black soft material which masked her face.

And then there was a commercial break.

If the average Gothic novel was ever made into a motion picture this would most likely be one of its climactic scenes. The beautiful, proud heroine, bound hand and foot, gagged, helpless in the hands of the villain is a motif so common in certain kinds of popular literature that it cannot be accidental. We saw in an earlier Bondage Life how in the John Norman books of Gor the motif occurs in science fantasy. Bondage is almost as common in the Gothic novel and in certain kinds of detective and adventure novelettes.

Bondage may play a very light part in the action of a detective-adventure novel, as in this scene:

"Artie Wu got out of the station wagon, opened the rear door, and stripped back the blanket. The rear seats had been lowered to form a deck space. Stretched out on the hard surface was Silk

Armitage, her hands tied behind her back, her mouth taped, her eyes wide and very frightened" (Ross Thomas, *Chinaman's Chance*, page 303).

But many of the John Creasy novels, e.g. *Missing From Home*, give plenty of space throughout the development of their plot to the plight of a girl victim held gagged and bound by thieves, etc.

These kinds of stories appeal to neither sex explicitly and as I am concerned here with the special appeal in literature that bondage tales may hold for women I shall not follow up the John Creasy detective line.

What is it that makes the Gothic novel seem so attractive to many women? Its content of suspicion, capture, struggle, freedom and security seems to hold special appeal in womanly fantasies if we are to believe the apparent popularity of this kind of novel. Those are psychological traits and we should perhaps look for clues in early childhood conditioning. Since the advent in turn of radio plays and serials, silent and talkie cliffhanger movies, and comics, etc., erotic bondage has been more and more part of our society, gaining ground with the rise of the mass media and the interchange of ideas throughout many parts of society which accompanied that rise.

Let's look at children's literature. The occurrence of the bondage motif might surprise us. In J.M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*, for instance, there is a bondage sequence. Captain Hook captures the children under Wendy's care and uses them as hostages to force Wendy to give herself up to the pirates quietly. Her "quietness" becomes literal, for the girl is bound and gagged, with consummate politeness let it be noted, and she is taken aboard ship. There, her gag is not removed until she is brought to the deck and bound to a mast. One of the pirates promises Wendy her freedom if she agrees to become his "mother!"

The old school children's poem "The Highwayman" contains a potentially lengthy bondage scene, which was made apparent when it became a motion picture. In the technicolour matinee



that I saw as a child, dark haired Bess (Wanda Hendrix) stood for minutes bound to the foot of her narrow bed, a flimsy silk neck scarf tied neatly over her mouth, replacing a longer and thicker scarf used on her by the soldiers at the beginning of the scene.

Comics belong to childhood literature. Nyoka the Jungle Girl was among the best representatives of the cliffhanger tradition. In many of her adventures, recently reprinted, she finds herself gagged and bound:

"...but luckily there is always a 'totem animal,' a 'helper' or a brilliantly saving 'idea' waiting in the wings to rescue..." (Fuchs, W. and Reitberger, R. *Comics: Anatomy of a Mass Medium*, page 67).

In one story Nyoka was captured twice by a villain, named Hugonott appropriately enough. In the first sequence she is rendered unconscious by a brick thrown from a first story window. When she regains consciousness, she is bound hand and foot, gagged, and in a fast flooding basement. Relying in this case on her own resourcefulness, she kicks out the basement window, floats out on the water, and cuts her bonds free on the broken glass. Throughout this sequence she is dressed in a stylish billow-skirted shirt-dress. In the second sequence she is again captured by Hugonott, gagged, and bound this time, with her hands in front of her, which as every bondage aficionado knows makes escape easier. She manages to grasp a rifle, a feat rendered easier by the cartoonist's negligence, for in one frame her hands appear miraculously free as she takes up the weapon, only to be once again bound together in the next frame. In another story Nyoka is unable either to free her bound arms or to shift her gag, and she is saved by the second-thoughts of a minor villain.

Gagging, with its peculiar erotic symbolism for the adult, receives particular attention in many a children's adventure story. It became in fact a fixed plot element in the Mary Marvel (and associated *Shazam*) comics. As a mortal, Mary must utter the name of an old wizard in order to be transformed into a super being. Consequently many of her brushes with villains gained their cliffhanger effect in her struggles to free her mouth of its gag before catastrophe overwhelms her. Usually she manages to hook it on something, but often in an improbable manner as in the Nyoka stories, for example by catching it on the point of a sword thrust at her. But this is all part of a capture-struggle-escape fantasy anyway.

The Phantom in his coverall costume is a fetish figure par excellence. However, bondage in his stories has secondary importance and is presented often with a degree of humor. In one situation, after binding and gagging the female member of a gang he remarks: "It takes so much time to quiet a woman - even a pirate. With a man, a quick punch does it." An interesting mixture of sexism and gallantry. On another occasion, as he emerges miraculously from a well down which the nasties had thrown him he makes a warning gesture to Diana for silence, finger to lips. But the precaution is obviously unnecessary, for Diana is not only roped securely into a chair, she is also gagged effectively as demonstrated by her struggles earlier. In yet another adventure Diana is kidnapped by two men and taken to a deserted hut where she is tied to a chair. As he gags her, one of her captors jokes: "Don't worry, this handkerchief is clean."

We are approaching closer to the idea of the brave but captured heroine of the Gothic novel. Carolyn Keene's Nancy Drew series frequently depicts the bondage of that girl detective. In one adventure her hands are tied together behind her back but we read that a detective had taught her how to flex her limbs so that with some difficulty she is able to free herself. In another story she is bound hand and foot and is locked in a small cupboard. She attempts unsuccessfully several times to call for help through her gag until at last she manages to free one

hand and tear the gag away. On a third occasion, she is found by a boy who begins to free her, but when she hears the villains approaching she tells him to replace the gag to her mouth to prevent them from suspecting that she is able to escape.

In *The Clue of the Velvet Mask* there is a graphic bondage sequence which rivals many an adult detective thriller. Nancy Drew and another girl are seized, hoods placed over their heads, and taken to the ubiquitous cellar:

"Nancy and Bess were hustled into the inn and taken down into the dark, musty cellar. There the hoods were exchanged for blindfolds, and the girls were bound and gagged.

'You see what happens to people who don't mind their own business?' Tombar taunted as he ascended the stairs.

Though the captives could not speak, see, or move, they could hear plainly what went on in the rooms above...

Lying on the dusty, damp cellar floor, Nancy unhappily considered her predicament. Mr. Tombar intended to sell the inn and leave River Heights with his cronies before the police caught up with them.

If only she and Bess could escape and bring the police there in time to thwart their plan! But the girls' bonds were secure and there was no chance of loosening them.

'And maybe no one will find us,' Nancy reflected despairingly as she heard Harris's car leave...

Twenty minutes elapsed, then the girls heard footsteps on the cellar stairs. Their ankles were unbound and they were pulled roughly to their feet.

'Come along,' a man said gruffly. 'You're going to be moved.'

The girls' hearts sank. Their one chance of rescue was vanishing!

'Unless,' Nancy thought, 'our rescuers could pick up our trail.'

As the girls were prodded up the stairway, Nancy pondered how she might leave a clue. She thought of the buttons on her dress. Could she possibly get one off?

Stumbling sideways against the wall, she deliberately tried to tear one off. Luck favored her. A protruding nail ripped her dress. She heard a button drop on the step!

'It's a slight hope,' she thought as her captor yanked her around again.

'Keep goin',' he ordered. 'No stallin'.' When they reached the main floor of the inn, he said, 'Okay, Pete.'

'You two get those girls out of here,' Tombar ordered. 'And make it snappy.'

The girls' ankles were bound again. Their arms still tied behind them, and with gags and blindfolds in place, they were lifted into a vehicle and put on the floor. The driver started the engine and pulled away at high speed. Nancy and Bess wondered if they were in the Taylor truck they had seen backing out of the driveway....

Presently the truck slowed down. They must be in a town. After turning several corners, it finally stopped. The engine was switched off. Apparently the truck was in some back alley, for there were no street noises....

The girls were hauled out of the truck, untied, and forced to walk into a building. There they were made to sit on the floor while their ankles were rebound.

'Goodbye, snooper,' Mrs. Snecker said, giving Nancy a vicious prod with her shoe. 'Now let's see you tell the police what you know!'

The man added, 'We'll soon take you away to a place where you'll never squeal!'

A heavy door was rolled shut and locked. The room became silent.

Nancy squirmed and twisted but she could not loosen the cords which held her prisoner. Seldom had she been in a more hopeless situation!

*Continued on Page 73*



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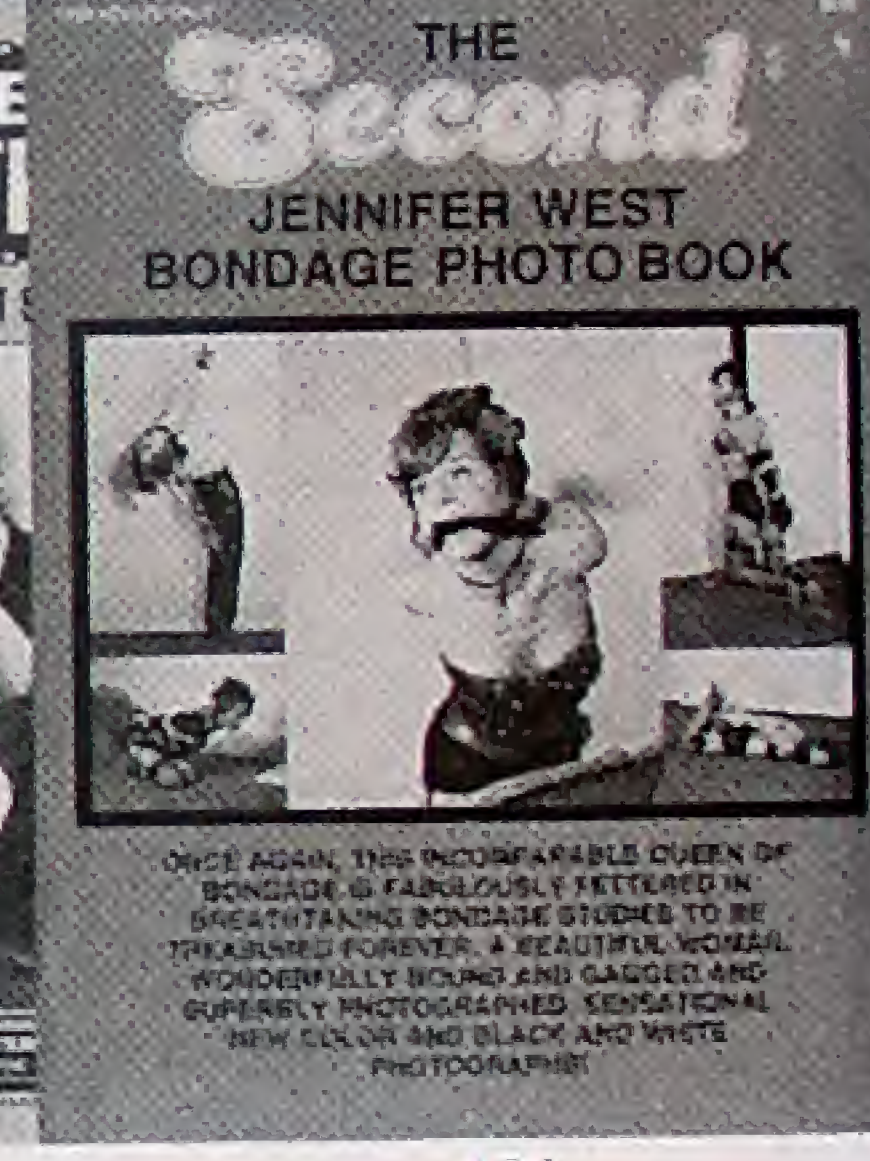
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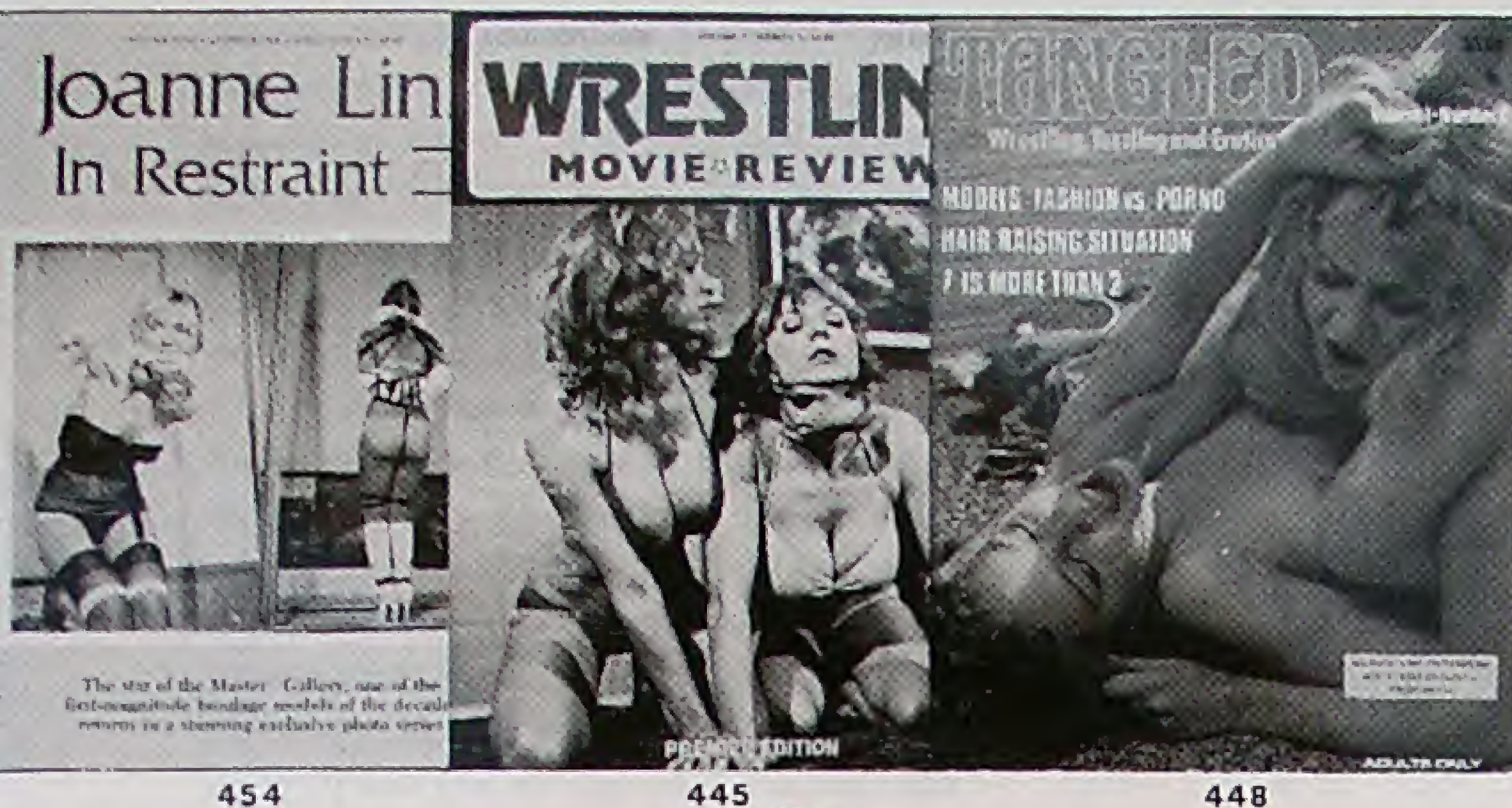
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## TIELINES

# THE SUBJECT IS BONDAGE

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*By John North*

We're sitting here wondering how many movie projectors got sold because of our "Revolt of the Bondage Models" movie which we put so much hard-sell behind. You may recall that we urged bondage lovers to shoot the works and go out and buy a projector because this was the movie that would make owning one worthwhile. Judging from the orders we've received, some projectors actually did get sold and maybe we'll get some letters of commendation from the companies which make those things. But, then, maybe we won't. Anyway, we figure "Revolt of the Bondage Models" had that hard-sell coming—it isn't going to win any technical achievement awards, but it is probably the most expensive and watchable bondage movie ever made. Lots of weekends and lots of money went into its making—studios and exterior locations, raw stock and developing, work prints, sound-on-film and voice-over narration and dubbing, editing and mixing—all the things real moviemakers have to do. If we recover our initial investment, it will take months, but making the movie got us into a phase of the bondage business most of our customers want us in—the storytelling end (which is actually easier to photograph than the bondage studies series since easy-to-do non-bondage activities are also necessary to make the story work). Harmony will now develop a storytelling side to its movies and magazines, while retaining its present

From "Revolt of the Bondage Models"





bondage study structure as well, since so many of us still appreciate the Irving Klaw touch of photographing a nicely tied-up lady from all possible angles without caring too much about how she got herself into that bind in the first place. While on the subject of our movie, we could have searched the planet high and low and not come up with a better hostess than Jennifer West, whose wit and charm and obvious bondage sense come bouncing right off the screen. "Revolt of the Bondage Models" is our personal pick of the best thing we've ever done.....Before getting into more interesting items, we need to dispose of some person-to-person business with many of our Harmonizers out there. Once again, we adore your letters but don't always have time to write back. We work very hard to get our monthly bulletins and magazines and movies out and there just isn't enough time to personally respond to all writers. Please do understand. Secondly, for all the people who complain about having to tear our coupons out of a magazine, why not just copy the language in your own handwriting or type it out and send it along. We hate inconveniencing our customers, but those releases are absolutely necessary. There are just too many things that could happen that might even make it impossible for Harmony to continue producing its material if we aren't very careful and businesslike. Thus, the need for those releases. We know it's a pain, but.....When you see an announcement about some new Harmony release you know you will want, *do not wait any longer than you absolutely must to order it!* In this depressing period of tight money, when people are looking more for short-term profits than eventually-better but slower returns, there are hints that there will be fewer copies of all adult magazines printed, Harmony's included even though most Harmony magazines eventually sell out. Lately, we've had to turn down *hundreds* of orders for some of our titles which are long gone, particularly "Bondage Life, Number Three," and, more than ever, you now run the risk of losing out forever on something if you wait too long to order it. We do not have a single copy of "Bondage Life, Number Three" ourselves and you should see some of the offers we get for a copy. Trust us, this isn't hype.....Okay, lots of contributors ask us to publish their real names and addresses, which we just cannot do—it's against our policy and better judgement. We see our role in this field as producers of entertainment and we see our obligation as doing the very best we can

at just that. In our opinion, we jeopardize our quality and maybe our tenure in the field if we carelessly or greedily allow ourselves to drift into other areas, including personal contact. We are extremely conservative and we think that conservatism is what's going to help us last, something most of our readers want as much as we do. Think about it—if you were us, wouldn't you be extremely reluctant to put strangers in touch with each other? That's essentially what we are doing when we publish authentic identities..... Two final nuisance points, then on to more pleasant matters: we are getting a lot of pressure to publish "Bondage Life" more frequently and accept subscriptions. If we acquiesced to either of those, the quality of "Bondage Life" would flat out nosedive. Accepting subscriptions would create a pressure to publish "Bondage Life" on some regular schedule, an impossibility since the magazine is largely dependent on personal contributions and who-knows when those will come in? So, even though we don't have what we think is the right amount of input, we go ahead and publish and what you have is something less than what you've been getting. "Bondage Life" is very successful, probably the most successful bondage magazine in history. Its success can easily be attributed to its quality and that quality *must* be retained *even* if it means putting out fewer issues per year. We can always produce most of the pictures and text pieces, but we think the heart and

soul of "Bondage Life" is its "By The People" department, which is, completely, the work of our readers and, if nothing rolls in, we have no "By The People" section. To prove the point, we're putting out this "Bondage Life" even though we are woefully lacking in worthy text pieces from readers. We get plenty of correspondence, but most of it amounts to compliments on what good magazines we do and they would actually just bore other readers. What we need are well written (typed, please), carefully thought out articles dealing with the psychology of bondage or shared personal experiences, such as the ones we've published in the six previous issues of "Bondage Life." We do not accept hard-core, nor do we think most of our readers would care to read sensationalized, quick-to-the-throat heavy-handed articles. We're looking for calm, intelligent, pleasant and, above all, provocative pieces about personal bondage experiences. It really does make the most enjoyable and interesting reading. Final thought about subscriptions. To us, they are just a form of advance payment and wouldn't there be absolute hell to pay if for some reason we had accepted subscriptions and then found we couldn't get "Bondage Life" out for some reason. You just never know.....What do you think—is Jennifer West still our most oft-bound beauty, or has Michelle Page finally caught her?....Before we forget it, Photo Talents is out with its new Fetish World

Jennifer





Michelle



Courtesy Niagara Gazette

Newsletter. It's several pages long and jam-packed with information about what magazines have what stories on what kinds of lingerie or bondage, plus tips on where to find this or that and plenty of descriptive information about the company's own merchandise. We like the newsletter because it conveys a conversational attitude (which we hope this column also does) and is personal and chatty and informational. Send \$2 to Photo Talents, Box 1195 G.P.O., Evanston, Illinois 60204.....You run into bondage in the darndest places. For example, how about The Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago? Well, according to Newsweek, the museum recently showcased the work of artist Vito Acconci, who has been shocking the art-loving public for more than a decade now. This time, the self-styled 40-year-old "performance artist" came up with something called "Remote Control" in which the viewer stands between two television screens, a ravishing brunette on one and Acconci on the other. Acconci implores the woman to tie herself up with a rope and she slowly and electrifyingly complies. As the rope gets wound around her ankles and knees and upper thighs, Acconci desperately tells her how much he wishes he could be doing it with his own hands. The full-page piece had a picture of Acconci and one of the females in the act, at which point she had thoroughly and mouth-wateringly bound up most of the portions of her legs in a manner that would even do Harmony proud. The impression

made is first-rate erotic, even though her hands aren't tied and her mouth is ungagged, but there is the strong suggestion that all that is coming.....Here's a fairly difficult-to-discern news photograph from the Niagra Gazette of February 24, 1980, showing a self-gagged female protester urging the boycotting of the summer Olympics in Moscow.....We had a dickens of a time getting out our first "Love Bondage Spandex Hood" orders in April, as some of our customers found out. For some reason, every fabric store in Los Angeles was suddenly (and mysteriously) out of that just-right material we need to make the best possible hoods (the material has to stretch in both directions at equal tensions) so that the feeling of soft compression would be erotic, not uncomfortable. Anyway, we raced around Los Angeles like a bunch of lunatics before we finally zeroed in on the right material. We got the hoods out and lost money as well as time in the process.

*"No Hiding Place," the book by William Seabrook upon which Carl McGuire based his article in this edition, has long been out of print, but a friend in Texas was kind enough to send us his copy for review for which we are grateful. We thank him now for his thoughtfulness and generosity.*





**Sensuous Bondage Hood**

At \$7, the hoods are too underpriced. What we're working on now are some different color *double-ply* bondage hoods for \$14 postpaid. We still have plenty of single-ply black love bondage hoods in spandex and some white ones at \$7, so send in your orders and we'll fill them as long as our stock lasts. One of our readers wrote in that he and his beloved now sleep in their spandex bondage hoods every night because it maintains a bondage consciousness, breathing is easy, the feeling is sensual and pleasant and they help shut out dawn's early light. Ah well.... Here's another newspaper photo reproduction



**Courtesy Spokane-Review**

(these things just don't reproduce worth a damn), this one from the February 20, 1980, edition of the Spokane (Wash.) Spokean-Review. The caption explained that it was a prep student's birthday which got celebrated a mite early because some buddies bound and gagged her and left her standing at a busy corner with an invitation to "Give me a kiss.".... Want some wonderfully kinky and erotic photographs? Check out any of the several photo volumes in hard-cover devoted to photographer Helmut Newton, whose graphic and imaginative pictures are said to have inspired the "Eyes of Laura Mars" movie.... Several



**Angelina Ferrar**

people correctly identified Angelina Ferrar as our "The Unknown Model" on pages 37-39 of the last "Bondage Life." Even though she was pillowslipped and otherwise covered, our sharp-eyed readers quickly recognized those great legs.... Vague remembrances of bondage past: a 1962 classified ad in a Los Angeles daily which announced "I miss John Willie. Do you?" Another ad offering a Florida collector's entire inventory of Irving Klaw pictures. And a news-service story about how a police car cruising the streets of Tucson suddenly hit the brakes and the two policeman ran up to the hosue in which a bound and gagged woman could clearly be seen. Turned out the husband was just shooting some personal photos. The police, greatly relieved, suggested he continue, but with curtains drawn.... Movie Star News continues its renaissance with energetic Ira Kramer at the helm. Ira, the hustling, bustling offspring of Paula Klaw, has managed to put together a very readable 4-page illustrated bulletin alphabetizing the bondage movie stills now available (their numbers are legion) from the company, plus some wonderful old Betty Page bondage photos and some pinup photos and high heel movies from the old Irving Klaw days. Oh, yes—the bulletin also lists some Hollywood spanking stills too. Drop \$2 in the mailbox to Movie Star News, 212 East 14th Street, New York,



**Merry Anders**

New York 10003.... Readers say that the lady in the movie still on page 36 of Bondage Life 6 is Merry Anders.... For the record, Joanne Link got married late last year and is now settled down for life in a small town in Michigan.... According to one of our readers in England, the copyright date of A.E.W. Mason's "At The Villa Rose" is 1910. Mason's "The House of the Arrow" carries a 1924 copyright date. As we have mentioned so often in the past, both Mason books feature wonderful bondage sequences which many people feel were read by John Willie at a very young age and which had a profound effect on him. (Scary question: had Mason not written "Villa Rose," would there have been a "Sweet Gwendoline?" While on the subject of John Willie, a Pennsylvania correspondent claims that "JW," whose real name was John Coutts, got his penname thusly: "John Willie was a name given him by a school teacher. According to Willie, with whom I had an association in the 1950's, the teacher had several 'Johns' in the class and had to identify these by their first *and* middle names, and 'Willie' was our lad's middle name. So, the teacher called him 'John Willie' which was kept thereafter, at least for bondage work.".... Not-very-interesting, but-kind-of tingling-bondage-history note: those boots that Klaw model Jackie Lens always seemed to be tied up in were here very own, which wound up being a kind of bonus for Klaw—a bondage model with her very own boots.... Why-wasn't-all-this-going-on-when-we-were young Department: one of our Manhattan sources with a bent for rock music says an





These Boots are made for Bondage  
Courtesy Jackie Lens

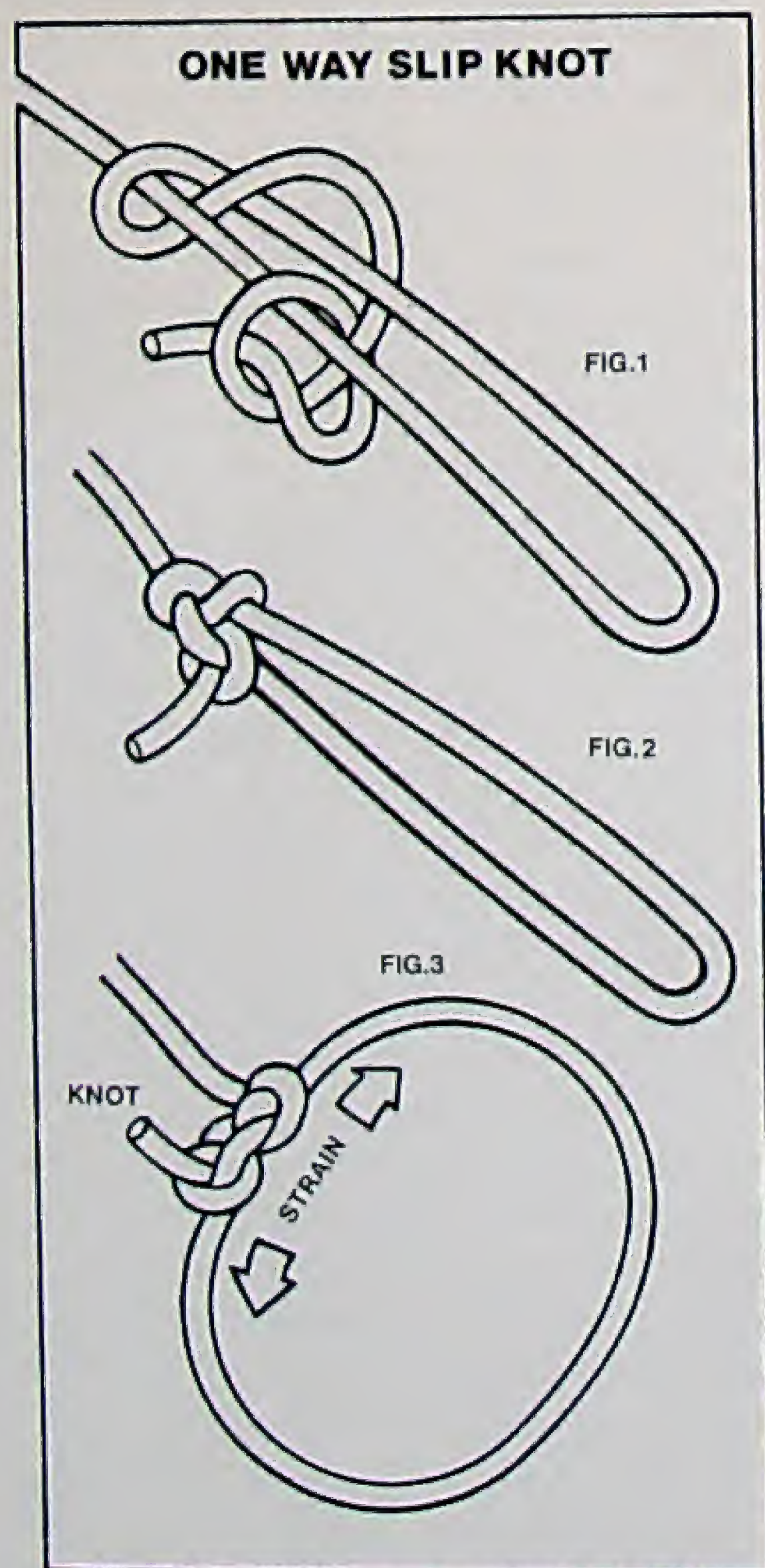
all-woman rock band from Boston recently appeared at a new wave club in New York City. The band's name? "Bound and Gagged!" The same source tells us we should take a look at the album cover of the new James White release "Off White," which features "a great shot" of one Stella Rico from the waist down: garter belt, nylons and legs strapped together.....The Film Company, an HOM, Inc. offshoot company, has Bishop shooting a 70 minute sound movie about bondage at various chateaus around the country. The movie will be released to theaters and made available to mail order buyers in super and regular 8 and videocassette form..... We regret the passing of a very nice man who wrote some letters which we published in earlier "Bondage Life's" and whom we identified as "A Reader in

Connecticut." We spoke on the phone to his widow not long ago and she said our magazines had brought him much pleasure during his last few years and that he had been glad to have lived to see them. We are glad that we were able to make even that small contribution..... This artwork of "a can't fail slip knot which you can try, but *not* on yourself" comes to us courtesy of a reader in Chatsworth (Calif.)..... Are we the only ones who saw that television commercial for a national insurance company showing several closeups of a housewife tied to a chair with a blue satin gag around her mouth? Maybe it was our imagination, but that woman was wearing as much rope as any of our models ever have..... Okay, we still aren't perfect. We blew it again in our last movie quiz by identifying Dianne Steinberg as the Bound Beauty in "Sgt. Peppers Lonelyhearts Club Band." Let's let one of our readers clear it all up:



Sandy Farina, not Dianne Steinberg

"Since the film bombed, many of your readers probably missed this smashing scene. What happens is that the beautiful Sandy Farina is kidnapped by the evil Mr. Mustard. The first scene shows her tied on a bed with her mouth taped in the villain's van. This scene is short, but, later, we see her brought to the enemy's hideout. Her mouth is covered with a yellow gag and her hands are tied. Captured with her are Paul Nicholas and Dianne Steinberg, who are tied together and gagged. Sandy is brought to a high platform where her arms are outstretched and tied to poles with gold chains. she is still muffled. On the platform with her is 'Aerosmith,' playing the villain's band, singing "Come Together." Peter Frampton and the BeeGees sneak into the place and try to rescue her. Throughout, there are cuts to the gagged girl mewling frantically. Eventually, Frampton scales the platform and in the fight that ensues, Sandy is knocked off the platform and dies, momentarily...." Another helpful reader finally came up with the episode title with one of the better "The Avengers" bondage scenes: "I just caught the 'Murdersville' episode with the famous chastity belt and scolds bridle scene. That series is a total joy to watch. There is just the right level of 'Don't take any of this seriously.' The cast has mastered the art of injecting humor while still maintaining the tension of the situation. Who but John Steed would caution a gagged girl to silence with the admonition 'Not a word!'".... Okay, girls and guys, that's it for us. Read on and, enjoy!



"Can't Fail"

### A MUST REFERENCE BOOK FOR BONDAGERS

Allen Marburger has announced completion of his 131-page "Bondage Fantasies in Popular Entertainment" survey, which contains detailed descriptions of approximately 1300 bondage scenes that occur in conventional motion pictures and television programs.

The deluxe soft-cover decorator size book is an absolutely essential reference for men and women interested in movies and television shows which have bondage sequences. Copies are available for \$30 from Allen Marburger, Box 20, Lake of the Woods, Locust Grove, Virginia 22508.

According to Marburger, "Bondage Fantasies in Popular Entertainment" is a completely new work, probably the most complete listing of movie bondage scenes ever compiled. Only about 10 per cent of its information appeared in Marburger's earlier surveys.

Here's an example of the work's approach to its subject: "Red Sun (1972) Ursula Andress is locked up in her own bedroom and subjected to other indignities before Charles Bronson leads her away on horseback, gagged with a folded white cloth, her hands tied before her. There are closeups of the international beauty as she murmurs softly into her gag. She is wearing jeans, a white blouse, and a stetson hat."

As we said, "Bondage Fantasies in Popular Entertainment" is must reading for bondagers.



# Bondage Life's Guide For Buyers

If you want to get all leathered up for some terrific reading, these two companies are for you.



**ATOMAGE**  
10a Dryden Street  
Drury Lane  
London, England  
WC2E 9NA

Atomage is the absolute hands-down colossus of leatherwear. It is to leather what South Africa is to diamonds and Detroit is to cars. So, if you are psychologically, but not yet physically into leatherwear, wrap up this issue of *Bondage Life* and get a quick note off to John Sutcliffe at Atomage saying you'd like to be counted in, or, more to the point, laced in.

One minor inconvenience though. As established and able as Atomage is, the company does not have a per se catalog because most of its output is based on custom, highly-individualized orders. But, if you explain in your letter to Sutcliffe more or less what it is in leather which interests you most, he'll respond with a more specific idea of what Atomage might be able to do for you and how much it will cost. From all accounts, Sutcliffe is kindly, knowing and competent, which is about all any potential customer can really require of the person on whom they must depend for tailor-made leatherwear.

There is no Atomage catalog, but there are the wonderful little Atomage supplement booklets which are issued six times yearly, handy, chatty and nicely-illustrated little periodicals containing articles and pictures about men and women either wearing or bound in leather. In your opening letter to Atomage, be sure to ask about the cost and mail-order availability of its supplement.



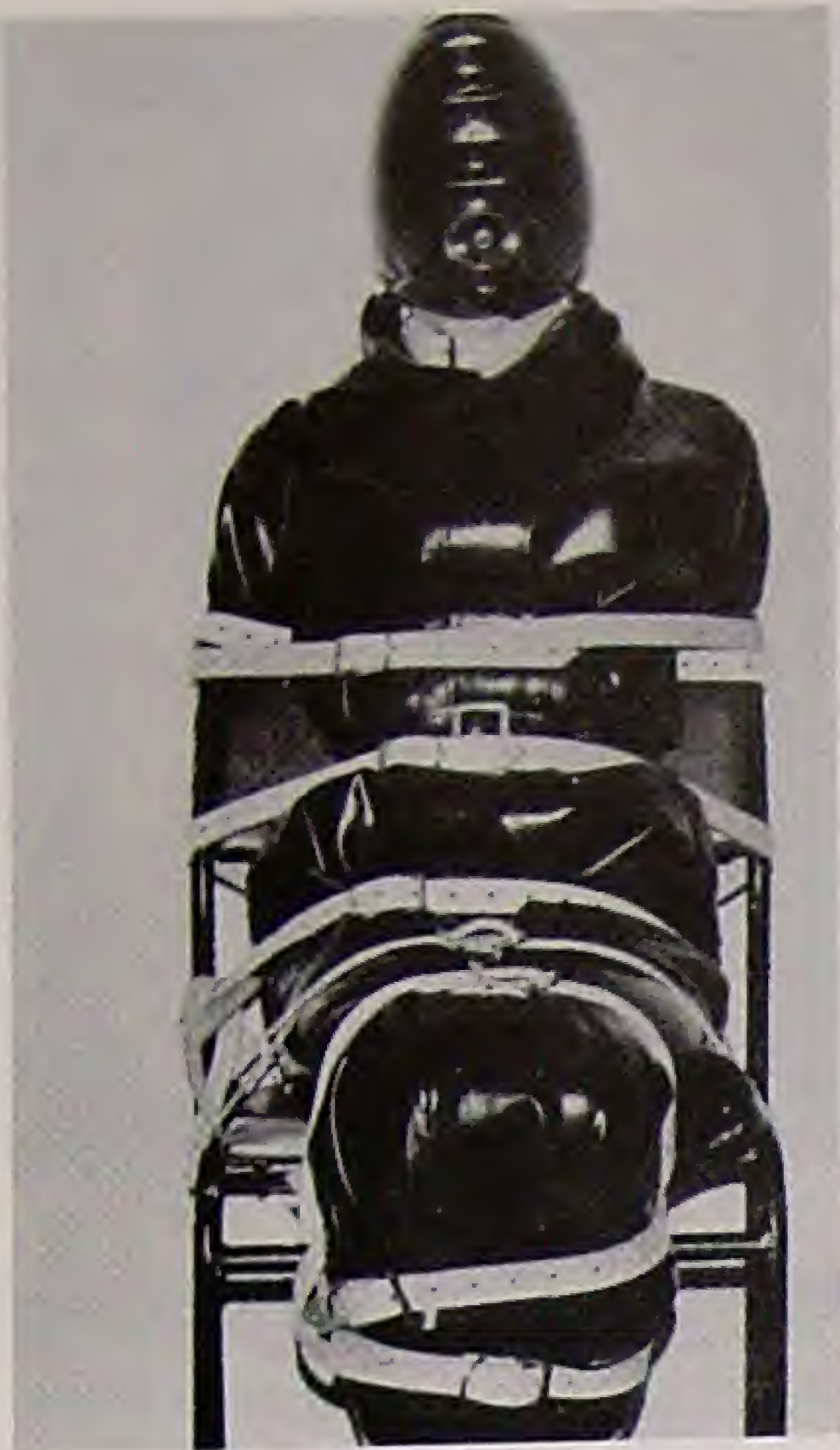
Among Atomage's regular shelf items are leather head harnesses, ball gags, inflatable gags with pumps, bag mitts and long mitts, single gloves, posing pouches, blindfolds, bridles, corsets and similarly restrictive leather items.

Ocasionally, Atomage makes literature available to customers, a current seller being "Ring of Steel," a nicely-composed 200-page plus story about "...a shy, unhappy young man who falls in love with a wealthy, beautiful girl and becomes her personal slave in rubber." The book, which it really is, features some well-characterized supporting actors, including "the cheerful chauffeur, always immaculately dressed in his thick rubber uniform," and the woman's serving twins, "happy in their masochistic tasks." ("What is their terrible secret? Why will they never remove the latex masks which they wear at all times?") "Ring of Steel" sells for a formidable \$25, but at least postage and handling are included.

The company is 20-years-old now, and has its offices, showrooms and workroom in London's Covent Garden district. The response letter you will receive from John Sutcliffe will explain that Atomage manufactures leather and vinyl garments "to our customer's own design and specifications." But, then, the letter helpfully instructs you on what Atomage needs to know in order to give you a quotation.

Biographically, Sutcliffe's fascination for leather took conscious form during his formative years, about 1918 he thinks. He remembers that traditionally male jobs fell the way of women during the war years, a condition reflected in how women dressed during the time. For example, he remembers even now having





seen an elderly man driven to work each morning by a young woman dressed in black leather coat, laced-up knee boots, breeches, large gauntlet gloves and a waterproof hat. It was a sight little Johnny tried never to miss. He recalls a growing sexual awareness, almost always centered on women in leather, and he began to think about designing new leather styles and improvements on what leatherwear already existed. Eventually, he did create some leatherwear outfits, and, as his skills developed, his output and contacts increased. Ultimately, the creation of custom leatherwear became his life's work and life's interest. □

## HOM, INC. Box 7302 Van Nuys, California 91409

By now, you probably know that this pioneer bondage publishing company has undergone some changes. What it all amounts to is that HOM is exactly the same company as it was before, except that it no longer has Barbara Behr, the Bishop serials and rubber and leather equipment, magazines and movies.

Putting it the other way, what HOM does have now are books, magazines and movies about bondage, spanking, wrestling and domination. Those other things have gone back to Chicago with Barbara.

For now, HOM, Inc. is producing



three bondage magazines and one "special interest" magazine each month. That later category embraces spanking, wrestling, domination and correspondence, specifically the "Latent Image" and "Aggressive Women" magazines. The HOM mainstay bondage magazine mail-order for \$5 each and usually consist of 48 pages of pictures and text, 8 of those in full color.

Perhaps the most significant development afoot at HOM, Inc. is production of series of new bondage movies by Bishop, who recently toured the country and used Chateau-type operations as studio locations.

Every six weeks, HOM, Inc. sends off an illustrated flyer describing old and new movies, magazines and other bondage-related merchandise. The company's bondage movies usually run about 200 feet and sell for \$27 in super 8 format and \$25 in Regular 8. The company also offers videocassette version of its movies.

HOM is the bondage field's senior member, having debuted as House of

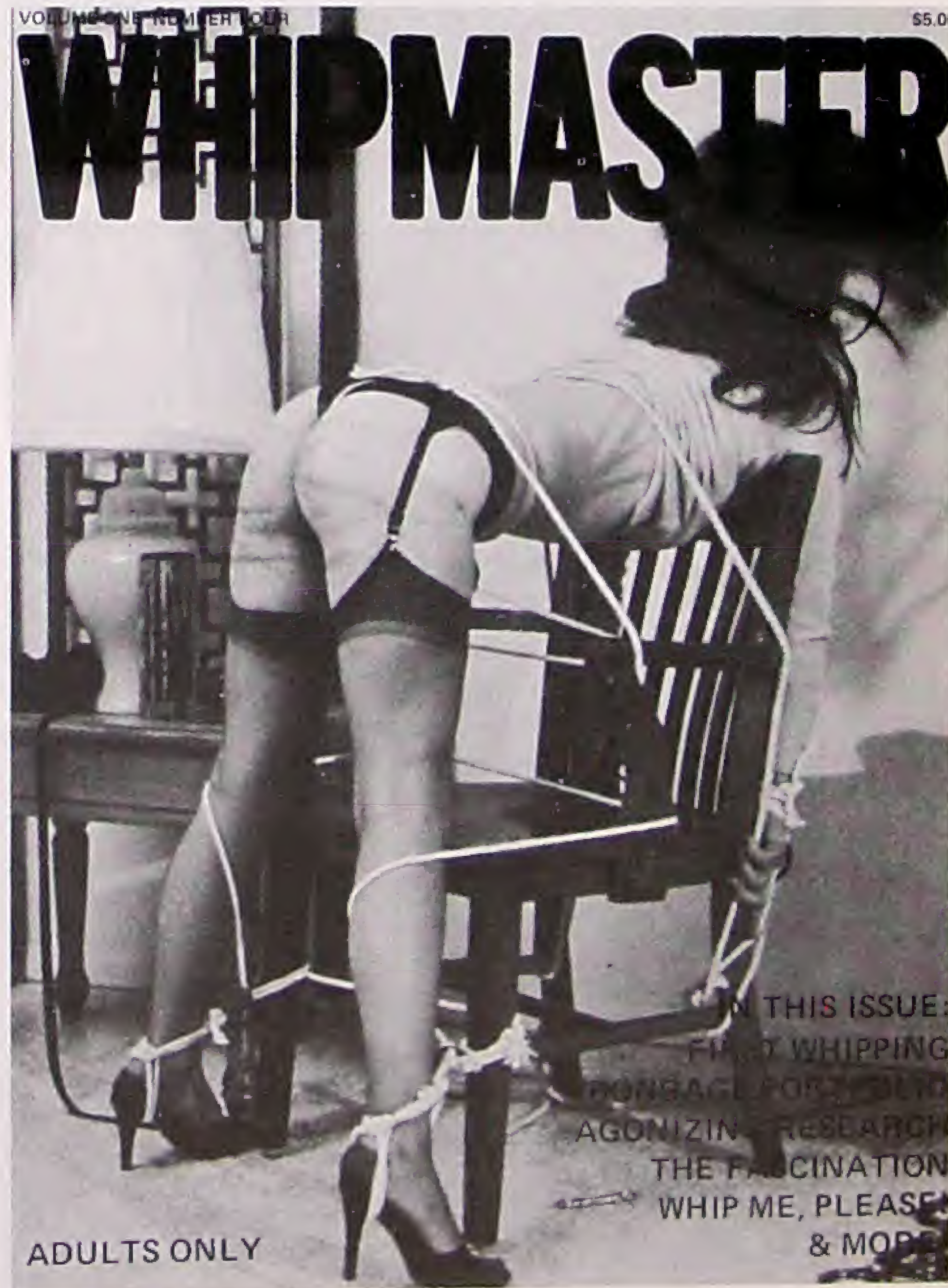


Milan in 1967. At the time, it operated as a Chicago retail operation. Its first publication, copyrighted 1969, was "Latent Image". In 1971, it got around to adding leather and latex items to its inventory and relocated west to Los Angeles.

For the record, its biggest sellers were the first "Bishop on Bondage" and "Bound to Please," Volume 1, Number 5, which featured the first widely-known full-on bondage photo cover of contemporary times.

HOM urges its customers to take note of its new Van Nuys post office box shown in the heading of this profile. Unfortunately, orders still sent to the company's former Los Angeles post office box get rerouted from there to Van Nuys, back to Chicago and then finally to the new HOM base. So in order to save the interminable delay of all that, you should amend your records accordingly and refer all HOM correspondence from this point on to the company's new address, Box 7302, Van Nuys, California 91409. □







# BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD

By Carl McGuire



It was in 1965 that readers got their first look at "Story of O," the classy bit of French pornography that brought S&M fiction out from under the counter and onto the coffee table. With the publication of the English translation of "Histoire d'O," Pauline Reage's delicious heroine O took her place along with De Sade's Justine and John Willie's Gwendolyn in that dark gallery of put-upon ladies who are endlessly victimized—sometimes not entirely against their will.

It seemed hardly possible then that the tribulations of O could ever be brought to the screen, but time has passed, sensibilities have shifted, and now O has come to life before our eyes.

It's a marvelous movie. Director Just Jaeckin has perfectly visualized Mlle. Reage's words, creating a dreamlike milieu (Paris of the '30's, perhaps), peopling it with gorgeous women and handsome men and lacing it throughout with an eroticism ranging from subtle to

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Our favorite slave girl O (Corrine Clery) shows off her new collar. Later, however, she can't seem to find the words to say "Merci" to Sir Stephen for the nice present.....Or is it "Mercy?"

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explicit.

The chateau at Roissy is as we imagined it—old, rich, sprawling, a place of oak and moss and leather and stone—and whips and chains.

Its inhabitants seem to have sprung fullblown from the pages of the book: the intense Rene (Udo Kier), who delivers O to her fate; the sophisticated Sir Stephen (Anthony Steel), who takes absolute custody of her.

The women are undeniably sex objects (what else could they be at Roissy?), but—as is often true of the European cinema, where offbeat beauty is prized—each is a sex object in her own way. Gowned in the manner of the chateau, with breasts exposed and leather at wrists and throat, they seem not a faceless array of beauty queens but instead a collection of individual objects of art. Among the most noticeable are Yvonne (Joanne Blaise), who torments O and is taught to regret it, and Jacqueline (Li Sellgrin), whom O herself delivers into the hands of the masters of Roissy.

Corrine Clery is an exquisite O, classically lovely, perfectly cast as the sophisticated fashion photographer who finds herself suddenly, helplessly, a victim. Mlle. Clery spends much of the

film adorned with only her collar or an occasional whipmark, and she is indeed something to behold.

Like the novel, the film is a parable about slavery, of both the body and the mind. To condition her mind, O's masters torment her body, using all the familiar S&M trappings—rope, chain, collar, gag, blindfold, brand, and, always, the whip. Some instances:

—As O and her lover, Rene, approach Roissy in a cab (a wonderfully evocative autumn scene, played against a classical musical score), he orders her to remove her underwear, then ties her hands behind her and blindfolds her.

—Dressed only in a long robe, O is introduced to her new masters. Her wrists hauled above her head, she is whipped.

—Naked, still smarting from the lash, she is taken to her sleeping cell by the valet, Pierre. He chains her to the wall and whips her again before allowing her to sleep.

—Sir Stephen takes custody of her and proves a harsh master. In one scene, he strips her, ties her hands aloft, gags her with a white scarf, and lays on a riding crop.

—Sir Stephen takes her to visit Anne-

Marie, where her slavery is to be certified. Tied naked between two pillars, she is whipped by Yvonne as a gramophone recording drowns out her screams. Later, she is stretched out on her back, legs apart, for a much more painful chastisement.

—Yvonne's turn comes soon, and O is allowed the honor of plying the whip. She does, reluctantly at first but then with increasing enthusiasm as the other girl's screams match O's earlier ones.

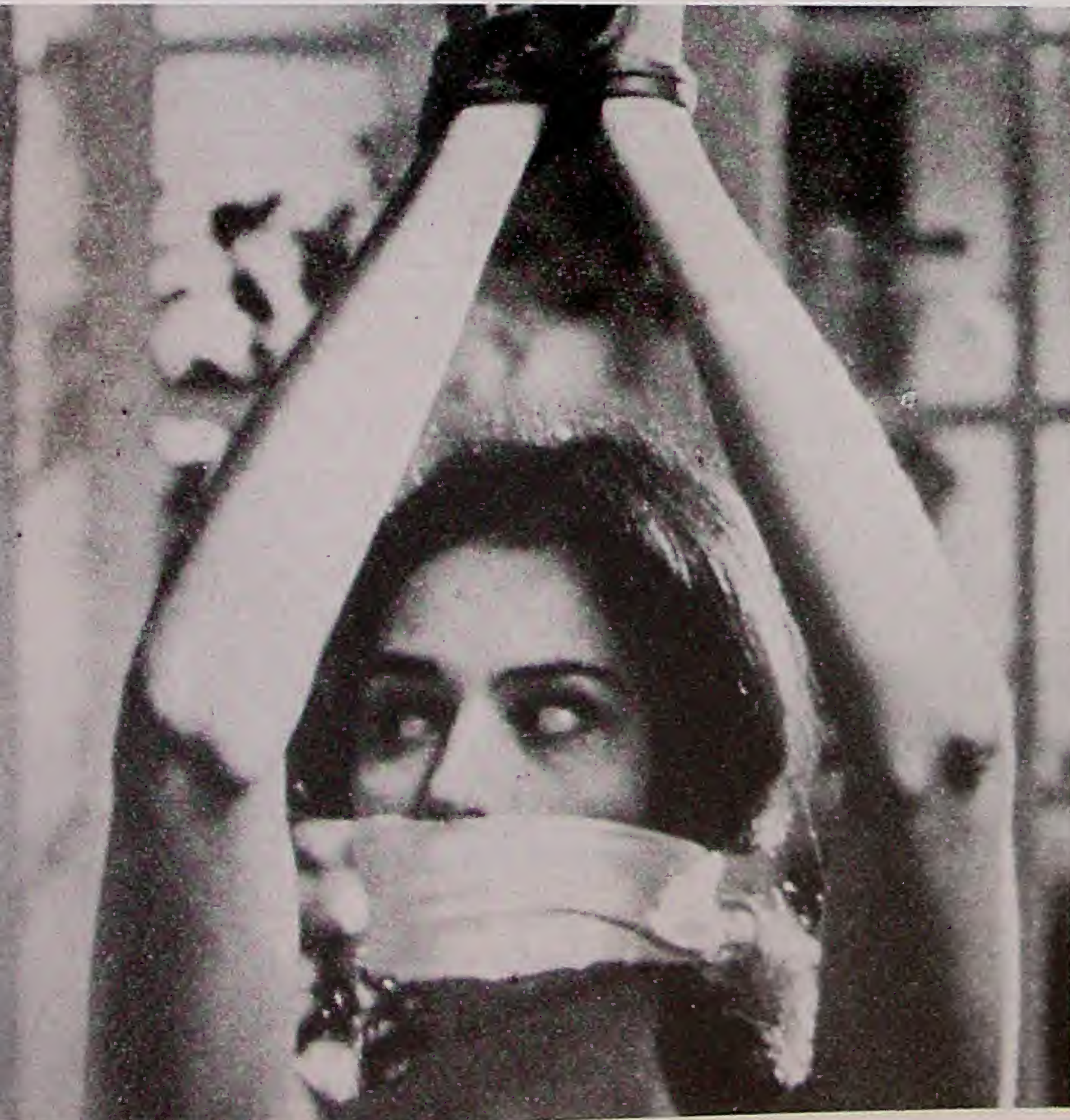
—Back in the custody of Sir Stephen and now wearing a brand on her hip and a tiny gold ring in a truly intimate location, O—revelling in her slavery—devises a way to discourage a lovestruck young suitor: She suggests to Sir Stephen that he have her stripped and spreadeagled between two pillars identical to those at Anne-Marie's and have her whipped, then leave her on display for the young man to discover. Shocked at the sight of O tied, marked and dishevelled, he withdraws.

The sexual content of all these scenes is inescapable, and yet each is underplayed, each has a slow-paced, almost sedate quality to it. Even the whipping of a young woman—performed in a room of brass and velvet and firelight—can be carried out without sacrificing any of the amenities: The level of conversation is genteel, brandy is served.

Even though there is no explicit sex in "Story of O," it's one of the most erotic of movies and surely one of the strongest portrayals of a woman as a sexual submissive. The bondage is not extensive or detailed or even particularly expert (the emphasis, alas, is on flagellation), and for that reason knot-fanciers are likely to feel some disappointment. But no matter; this is a landmark film, the most absolute depiction we've seen of that attitude we might label a bondage of the mind. Sadomasochism has never been so beautifully portrayed.

Epilogue: The English-dubbed version of "Story of O," rated X, opened in this country a few years ago, appearing mostly in the larger cities. Since then it has been revived a couple of times. The film was recently transferred to videotape, uncensored, and can be obtained from Norman R. Selinger and Associates, Inc., 5415 Butler Road, Bethesda, Maryland 20016. Write for their catalogue. And for another look at Mlle. Clery's charms (clothed this time), catch the latest James Bond film, "Moonraker." Her role is relatively insignificant, but she is decidedly not. Vive la France.

**THE LATE SHOW**—More cinema bondage delights old and new, likely to crop up in your local rerun house or on





**LOST TREASURES**—Yes, it's the Platinum Blonde herself, Jean Harlow, wearing matching blouse and gag in this evocative shot from a long-lost relic of early Hollywood. The film is 1931's "The Secret Six," which also starred Clark Gable and which has not been in circulation since then. This photo just might be the only bit of Harlow memorabilia of its kind. So enjoy. Credit: Movie Star News



the home screen (as always, however, be advised, that first-run versions almost never make it to television intact, and this seems to apply particularly to scenes involving knots):

**Kate Jackson**, the erstwhile Charlie's Angel, has a good scene in 1978's "Thunder and Lightning" featuring a chair, some rope, a strip of tape and some very expressive looks.....In Hollywood's second version of "Tower of London" (1962), **Sandra Knight** is given a guided tour of Vincent Price's torture chamber, in the course of which she picks up a few stripes of the whip while standing in the pillory, then undergoes a beastly stretching on the rack..... Before getting her head shaved for the "Star Trek" film, former Miss India **Persis Khambatta** spent a little time in ropes in the 1977 TV-movie "The Man With the Power".....As a sheik's daughter captured by Legionnaire **Burt Lancaster** and his merry men, **Jody Lawrence** does a patented proud-beauty routine in "Ten Tall Men" (1951). First bound and gagged astride a horse, she is later chased about a campfire with her wrists tied. In the climactic scene,

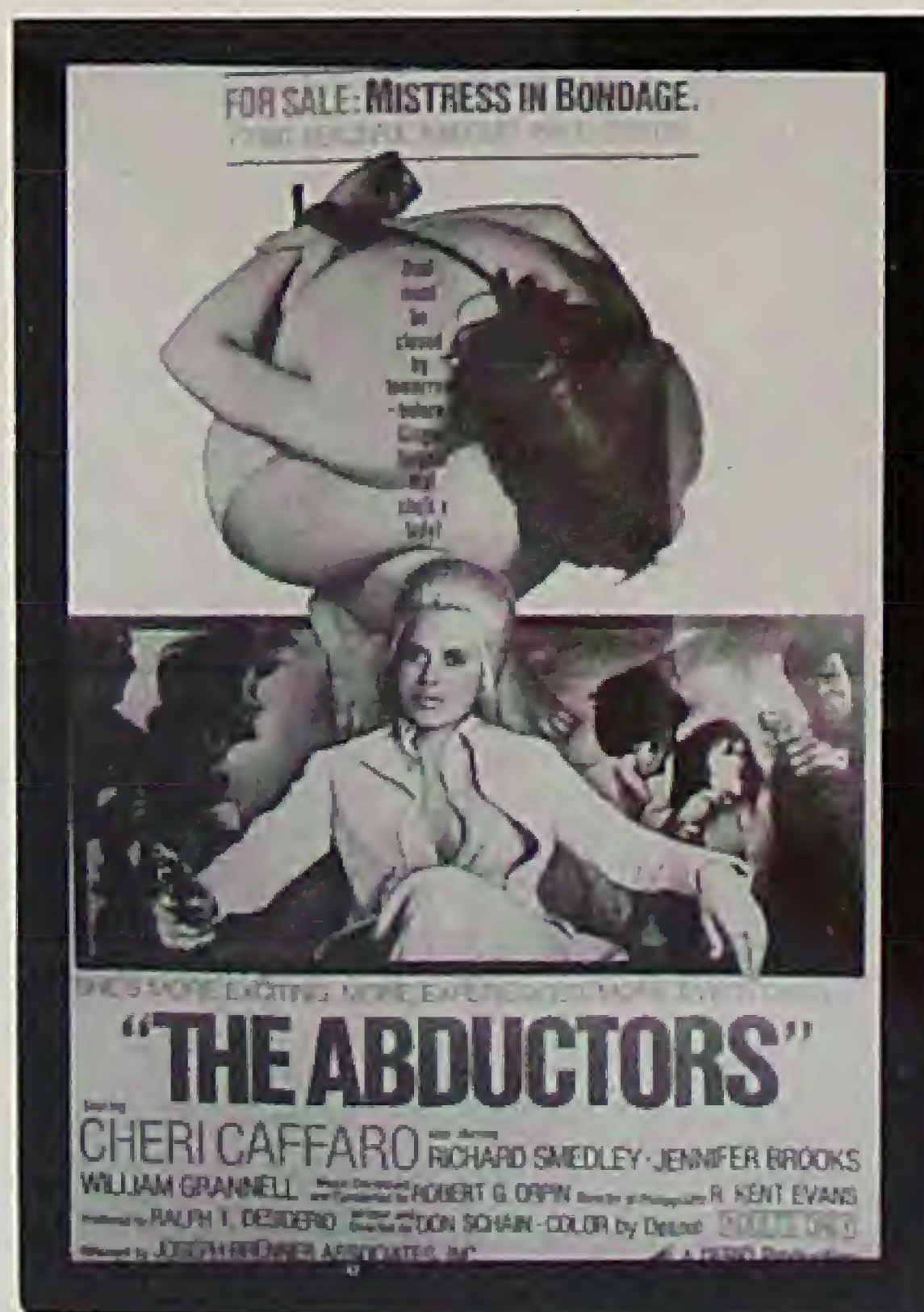
**Lancaster** ties her hands behind her back for one more gallop. Cornered by the sheik's men, he dismounts and uses her for a shield. Her eyes flash appropriately through all this intolerable treatment.....British beauty **Stephanie Beacham** is the focus of a short, stunning scene in "The Nightcomers," the 1972 version of Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw." As the governess of two children, she is the not-entirely-unwilling recipient of some rough foreplay at the hands of Marlon Brando. Awakening her on one of his nocturnal visits, he ties her wrists to the bedposts for some fondling, then trusses her into an obviously uncomfortable hogtie on the floor, her ankles anchored not to her wrists but to her shapely neck. It's strong stuff, and doubly so when one realizes that the bondage—rather than being presented in the usual cops-and-robbers context—is shown to be a very erotic practice. Not many filmmakers have gotten around to acknowledging this..... It had to happen: In the 1977 Sci-fi thriller "Demon Seed," **Julie Christie** is tied and impregnated by a computer.

"Girls Are for Loving," last of the "Ginger" trilogy, dishes up more of the tying, gagging, and related behavior that fans of this soft-core S&M series have come to know and love. In the prologue, a young lady wearing only an apprehensive look is hustled out of a

mountain cabin and handcuffed with her wrists behind a convenient tree. The rest of the kinkiness comes toward the end: The bikini-clad teen-age daughter of a diplomat is left gagged and dangling by her wrists; **Cheri Caffaro** as Ginger, the lady private eye, and **Jocelyn Peters** as her arch-nemesis, each spends some time strapped down to a black leather divan; and in the best scene, Ginger is divested of her clothes (wardrobe is not a big expense with these movies), tied hand and foot, gagged and left to roll about, display the famous Caffaro anatomy and await the arrival of her rescuer.....The 1965 Italian-West German thriller "Bird With the Crystal Plumage" offers a view of the lovely **Suzy Kendall** that, although only a few seconds long, lingers in the memory because of its brilliant atmospherics. Captured by the homicidal Eva Renzi, Miss Kendall is discovered suddenly, in a floor-level camera shot, in a darkened room, a gag between her teeth and a sinister smear of blood at her nose. An overhead shot shows her with feet tied and wrists attached behind her back as she tries to articulate a cry for help into a toppled telephone receiver.....**Donna Mills**, who was such an appealing victim in "Play Misty for Me," is an undercover cop in the 1980 TV-movie "Waikiki" but victimized all over again nonetheless. This time she's trussed up and gagged and tossed into the back seat of a car by a sex murderer. Chauffeured away for her scheduled untimely demise, she breaks away and—wrists still tied, mouth still muffled—leads him a merry chase through the sugar cane fields. Should Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes ever introduce a broken-field-running-in-bondage event, we have a distaff candidate.....

**DEPARTMENT OF SCHOLARLY RESEARCH**—Allen Marburger's long-awaited guide to bondage scenes in films and television series is now in print, and it's indispensable. For information, write him at Box 20, Lake of the Woods, Locust Grove, Virginia 22508.

**DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SERVICE**—Reader R.A. of Syracuse, N.Y., points out that "Heller in Pink Tights" is far from the only film in which **Sophia Loren** gets ensnared. He suggests that we take a good look at 1957's "Boy on a Dolphin" and the 1962 French flick "Madame" as well.....And for the reader who wants to see **Elizabeth Taylor** posed his favorite way, we refer him to the 1972 British film "X, Y, and Zee" for a little marital ropework imposed by **Michael Caine**. But we must add sadly that it comes about 30 years too late. If only "National Velvet" had had the right scriptwriter..... □



**BILLBOARD BONDAGE** - New Yorkers taking their lunch breaks found these plastered all over midtown Manhattan a few years back. The movie, reviewed in Bondage Life 4, was the second of the "Ginger" films, and it pretty well lived up to its advertising. And this poster, which was also reproduced as a movie ad in the august New York Times, is a collector's item today. For straight-out kinkiness, there's probably never been anything like it.





# MY BLUE HEAVEN

EXPERIENCED BY SUSAN CULVER















*By R*

Some months ago while drinking alone in a hotel bar in Mexico City, I struck up a conversation with two attractive Canadian ladies. One was a striking brunette with a long slim body and full breasts, shown to advantage by her tan glove-leather suit. Her legs were encased in tight-fitting shiny brown high-heeled boots. The other lady was shorter, with short-cropped blond hair and a rather childish quality to her face. She was truly petite, but with ample breasts and a tight rounded bottom, all of which was accentuated by a black satin sheath dress. Her tiny feet were shod in stiletto-heeled patent leather pumps. Due to the contrast in their dress, physical qualities and their sisterly closeness, I assumed them to be lesbians.

It was Tina, the brunette, who did most of the talking. Lynn, the blond, seemed to be having trouble focusing and staying upright at the bar, and it looked as if she was ready to be carried out. In fact, that's just what Tina and I did shortly thereafter. When Lynn was safely tucked in bed to sleep it off, Tina and I sat on the hotel balcony talking until the wee hours.

It turned out they were a road act traveling from city to city doing one night stands. And they were very successful. "So why don't you book for more than one show?" I asked. "We can't," Tina answered, "I can't explain it now, but we simply can't." I was puzzled and said so. "Come see the show tomorrow night." And Tina gave me the name of a very posh hotel in the Zona Rosa section of the city.

"Is it a singing act or a dancing show, or what?" I asked. They both had the athletic bodies of dancers.

"Neither," she replied, "It's an escape act...a bondage show. But it's nothing like you have ever seen before." Naturally I was hooked, and I was at the hotel showroom the next night right on time.

There must have been 200 people jamming the place. There were couples and single men of all ages, and a singing act was on when I arrived. They performed on a semi-circular stage at one side of the room separated from the tables by a small dance floor. Behind the stage were curtains.

When the singing was over, there was a dramatic drum roll from the band and Tina strode from the wings and stood in the spotlight. She wore tight leather riding breeches and high black boots with thin spike heels. On top she wore a brief black bikini bra, and her long raven hair hung down her back and over her bare

# By The People

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**OUR MAN IN THE CARIBBEAN TAKES IN A SHOW  
IN MEXICO CITY—ABOUT AN ESCAPE ARTIST**

**“PREPARATIONS”—SHEER POETRY ABOUT GETTING  
READY FOR HUBBY WHO’S ON HIS WAY  
HOME FROM WORK**

**PICKING UP A FEW ITEMS FROM THE DRUG STORE  
FOR BONDAGE—LIKE BANDAGES AND TAPE.  
SHOPPING TIPS FROM SOMEONE IN OHIO**

**INTRIGUING WORDS AND PHOTOS ABOUT  
BATHING-CAPPED BOUND BEAUTIES BOUNDING  
ABOUT ON AUSTRALIAN’S BEACHES**

**A GENT WHO YEARNS TO BE ON THE RECEIVING  
END OF M’LADY’S BONDAGE**

**A POSSIBLY APOCRYPHAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
FROM THAT TIED-UP CUTIE IN EUROPE**

**AND SOME HOMEMADE BONDAGE PHOTOS &  
DRAWINGS FROM SWEDEN, SWITZERLAND,  
AUSTRALIA, ENGLAND, LOS ANGELES  
AND ELSEWHERE**

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shoulders in lustrous waves. She looked absolutely magnificent and elicited a wild ovation. She spoke into the microphone in perfect Spanish (the night before she had told me that between them they spoke five languages). In translation this is what she announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen...etc. Tonight you are going to witness some of the most sensational and stimulating examples of the art of escape you will ever see. My partner, Lynn, will be bound with ropes in the most tormenting and impossible situations you can imagine, and she will escape. Every time she *will* manage to free herself from seemingly impossible bondage. So sit back and let your imaginations and your fantasies run wild. Try to imagine yourself in each situation. Put yourself in Lynn's shoes, so to speak, and decide if you could escape as she does. Or perhaps you men might fantasize subjecting my lovely partner to such abject helplessness. So, without further words, here's Lynn!"

Lynn minced onto the stage; her long lovely legs shining in black silk stockings, her feet accentuated by classic high-heeled patent opera pumps. She wore only a tiny red vinyl bikini and shoulder length black kid gloves. Her short blond hair glowed under the spotlight as she pirouetted in front of Tina and the audience. She looked the epitome of childish-womanly innocence. The perfect damsel for distress. She turned, put her hands behind her back with the wrists crossed and looked over her shoulder at the audience. A provocative smile, a lowering of her eyelids, and then a pout. She had them then, and Tina soon had her.



From the left, stagehands pushed a high pipework contraption with curtains all around. It was somewhat like a portable shower stall. And there was a low table with coils of rope in great profusion. Tina took some rope and immediately started tying Lynn's hands while talking to the audience.

"First I will bind my lovely victim here in the conventional basis bind with her arms drawn back at the elbows, wrists crossed and snugly roped together, some body wrappings around the whole package to insure as little struggle as possible, then knees and ankles together. Tina stood back and gestured toward her helpless assistant. Lynn stood there in the spotlight in all her bound glory, and there was a smattering of applause. "Now, who would like to examine my rope work? Who would like to test the tightness of the ropes and look for trick knots and such?"

Several eager volunteers came up onto the stage to check Lynn's helplessness, and, after some self-conscious probing and testing, they seemed satisfied as to the impossibility of her escaping.

"Could you escape if you were tied-up that way?" Tina asked a lady in the audience who was seated near the stage. She shook her head in a decisively negative way. Then Tina drew the curtains around Lynn's erect trussed-up body and said, "We'll give her two minutes." The band struck up a fast tune as Tina walked up and down in front of the curtained area.

The band stopped. A drum rolled, and Tina threw back the curtains with a flourish. There stood a beaming Lynn, free and with all the ropes on the floor at her feet. There was a burst of applause as both girls bowed.

Well, as the night wore on Tina bound Lynn in four more ways, each one more intricate and secure than the last. And it was quite exciting to see her helplessness turn to freedom each time.

Lynn was hogtied, seated with her arms drawn far up behind her shoulder blades, and with her knees to her body and her ankles to her thighs. She was tied wrists to ankles in a sitting position, and she was tied with her wrists in front with her elbows behind her and her ankles crossed and drawn up to her body ropes. For the last two positions several in the audience suggested a gag in case she was using her teeth to untie the knots. So Tina gagged Lynn, first with a long silken scarf wound several times around her head, and then with a red rubber ball gag and strap arrangement. Each binding looked very tight, very secure and progressively cruel. From where I sat I could see the rope marks on Lynn's body, but she

didn't object and kept on smiling as if she enjoyed the challenge presented to her each time.



For each new position, more and more of the audience came forward to check the ropes for slackness or tricks, and each time they were incredulous when Lynn stood free when the curtain was parted. The cheers and applause grew with each escape.

For the last two escapes the girls indulged in some good old fashioned showmanship. "We'll give her three minutes on this one," Tina suggested on number three, "Okay?" And the audience agreed. After all, she *was* gagged this time.

When the curtain was drawn at three minutes there lay Lynn on her side *still* bound and gagged and struggling frantically, apparently unable to escape. There were laughs from the audience and some good humoured remarks. "How about 30 seconds more?" Tina asked as she bent down over Lynn. Lynn nodded her head frantically. "Shall we allow her a half minute more?" The room agreed. No one thought she could manage it this time, but she did. When the curtain parted Lynn stood in the spotlight calm, serene and unfettered. Similarly the fourth escape seemed to fail, and then finally succeeded. The audience went wild.

After Lynn's last "impossible" escape, Tina turned to the cheering audience and raised her hands. "Now for her final escape we would like to invite any three of you from the audience to bind Lynn in *any* way you like." Immediately about a dozen men rushed forward to volunteer. Tina picked three of the most eager and started to bring them onto the stage, but three women came forward and talked to her. It turned out they were the wives, and they didn't like the idea of their

*Continued on Page 46*



# INTRODUCING

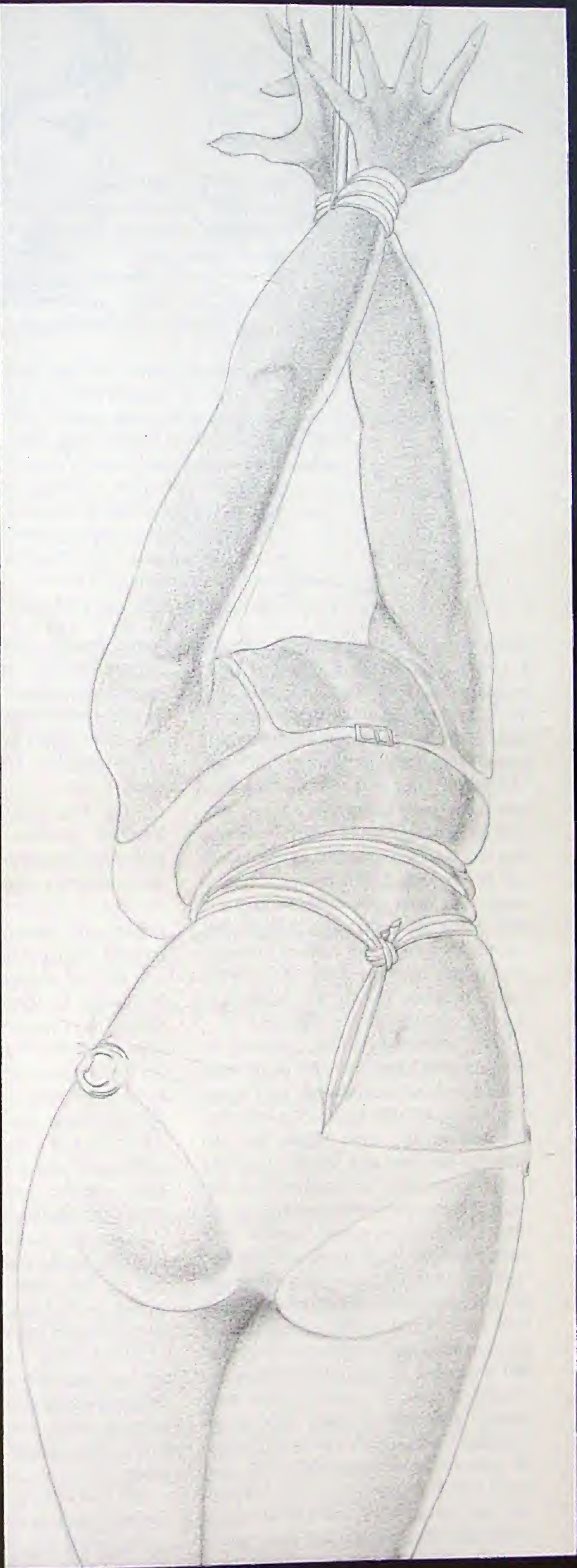
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## BRILLIANT NEW BONDAGE ARTIST COCO

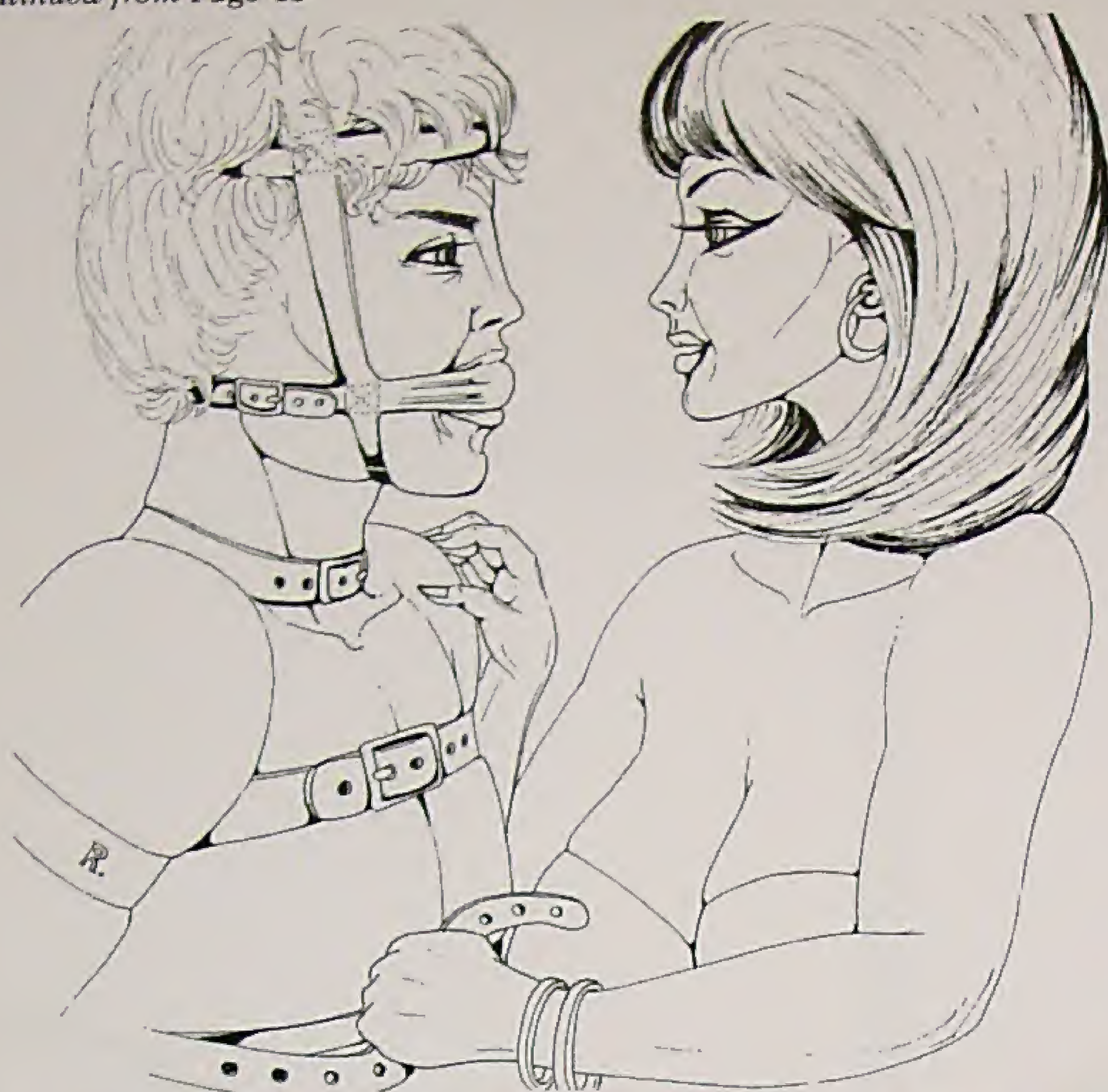


These beautifully rendered pen and ink drawings were submitted to us by European bondage artist "Coco." We think this is the first time his bondage work has been published. At the moment, we're talking to Coco about a full-length bondage serial.









husbands in such close proximity to such a lovely girl as Lynn. One of them explained to Tina that they were sure they could do the tying better than the men, and that they knew Lynn couldn't escape when they got through with her. "Allright," Tina announced, "We have here three lovely ladies who are very sure of their bondage skills. They claim that they can bind the beautiful Lynn so there will be no hope of her escape. There is ample rope here, some effective gags and even a few leather straps. And if they succeed each one will have a bottle of champagne to share with their rather eager husbands." There was laughter at this last remark. "Proceed ladies."

After a brief discussion they went to work on poor Lynn. First her hands were crossed behind and bound with many crisscrosses of thin rope. A strand was attached to the wrist bonds and led between her legs and up to about six turns which were wrapped around her waist and over her wrist bindings. Lynn's elbows were drawn snugly together with eight turns of larger rope and cinched together. Then her upper body above and below her swelling breasts was wrapped with many turns of shining nylon rope which was cinched at every possible point and secured to a rope harness which ran around behind her neck under each armpit and then around her elbow bindings. There wasn't a loose millimeter of rope on Lynn's beautiful body. You could see the ropes cutting into her flesh and her chest rose and fell in heavy breathing, but, though she was treated roughly, she continued to smile in a

knowing and arrogant way as the three women worked on her. At times she gasped as a strand was cinched tighter, but she smiled with insolent disdain until one of the ladies forced the ball gag into her mouth and drew the straps cruelly tight.

After that they pushed her into a kneeling position and then onto her stomach. She turned her head to one side and watched as they wrapped her knees, cinched them, laced and cinched her thighs with great lengths of rope and crossed and tied her ankles. They even tied her feet around and over her arches and under the insteps of her spike heel shoes. Then they ran several strands of rope between the ankle bonds and drew her feet high up behind her thighs until her leather-gloved fingers touched the shining patent leather heel of one shoe. Then, to add insult to injury, this last ankle rope was tied down to her thigh ropes and she was rolled over on her side facing the audience.

Lynn was so securely tied-up that I couldn't see how she could ever escape. But she had done so before. I knew she would do it somehow, but I wouldn't want to be in her position right now.

"Good work, Ladies," Tina said, and she had them bow to the applause. "How long should we give her? What about five minutes since you did such an expert job?" They agreed and returned to their tables.

For five minutes the band played and several couples danced, and then the drum rolled for the last time. With a flourish Tina threw back the curtain.

Lynn lay on her other side with her back to the audience. Her glove fingers fluttered weakly and her head lifted slightly then fell back down in a despairing attitude. Tina looked incredulous. She rolled Lynn onto her stomach and leaned down to her. "Are you finally defeated?" she asked. "Shall I cut you loose?"

You could see the frustration and anger in the captive's eyes, as she shook her head violently and chewed her ball gag. "Shall we give her two more minutes?" Tina questioned the crowd. They assented with a derisive and good natured cheer. But, at the end of two minutes Lynn was *still* lying there on her side, bound and gagged as effectively as anyone ever has been. She was perspiring and limp with exhaustion...a lovely helpless package of female sexuality, a vision of the ideal damsel in distress.

Tina awarded the champagne and congratulated the ladies on their expertise at bondage. She made a few teasing remarks about the suspicion she had that they might have practiced on their husbands from time to time. There was much laughter and everyone seemed to have enjoyed the show and the surprising turn of events. The main curtains were drawn together as Tina bowed and Lynn lay on the floor behind her still struggling ineffectually at her ropes.

Before the girls left for their next show in Acapulco I had a talk with them.

"You see why we do only one show?" Tina asked.

"You mean it's the same routine each time?"

"Sure, Lynn's good, but we have special ways that enable her to escape and release my bindings. We have practiced this act for years. And there are always those in the audience...always women, it seems...who are sure they can tie her up better than I can. There's a good bit of jealousy there throughout the show, because their boyfriends and husbands are getting off on me and Lynn all night. So the women are all too glad to volunteer to make her pay."

Lynn agreed vehemently, "They sure do hate me by that last trick, and we play on that hatred and jealousy. Sometimes they pinch me secretly, and they are very rough with me too."

"Does it hurt?" I asked.

"Oh, *sure* it does, but I just grin and bear it."

"And have you ever escaped from that last volunteer binding?"

"There have been times when I knew I could get free, but I faked it and stay tied. After all, I enjoy being rendered helpless, and that's the whole object of our show."



# PREPARATIONS

*by J. Richard Laredo*

You haven't been keeping close track of the time,  
and now,  
Well,  
It's rush here,  
Rush there!  
Dinner is finished and set aside to keep warm.

To the bedroom,  
Clothes stripped off and thrown aside.  
Reach into the closet,  
Pull the leather coat  
From its hanger.  
Lift the handful of belt from its hook.  
Go into the living room,  
(after making sure door locked, blinds drawn).

To begin.

Sit on the couch to apply the leather cuffs to your ankles,  
Metal arches through slotted leather.  
The strap wrapped twice loosely,  
Around both ankles,  
Through the metal staples,  
Buckled.

Normally,  
Time and thought  
Are given the stained leather.  
For caresses,  
Testing its strength,  
Probing for weakness,  
For anticipation of use.

But time is short,  
And you fasten the four straps  
Spanning the opening.  
Join the buckle on the closed point of the left sleeve,  
To its mated strap on the right,  
Putting in the proper twist  
so it will lie flat  
(Some are so obsessed with neatness).  
The hasp holding at the use delineated spot.

Now, slip it over your head,  
The opening, with its straps, at back,  
The darted side to fit breasts and front of torso.

And,  
For the unknown time,  
You remind yourself to have the camisole cleaned.  
Reek of stale sweat and equally stale leather  
Concentrated within the bag is nearly overpowering.  
But, arms over head to enter the sleeves,  
You wriggle to pull it down.  
And, after several minutes,  
You head emerges from the aperture.  
The tunic is on.

Use your mittened hands  
To reach behind your neck and back.  
Grasp through the leather,  
Pull the straps tighter.

Stand.  
Take the strap dangling from the harness,  
Just below your navel,  
Push it back between your legs,  
Hunt for the buckle-mate just above your buttocks,  
Draw it tight and fasten,  
To be further stained by the excitement  
Leaking slowly from yourself.

Put right arm across chest  
Up into left armpit,  
The joining strap paralleling the outside of your left forearm.  
Then your head is tilted left and back  
In concert with your left arm's attempt  
To loop the strap over your head.  
It starts, catching slightly on right ear.  
Strain to force it down neck,  
Gain the right shoulder.  
Then the relatively easy accomplishment  
Of sliding the left hand down  
The right upper arm.  
Arrange arms and torso to liking:  
Arms crossed underneath breasts,  
Wrists under opposite elbows.

It is done.  
Hop over to the high stool.  
Sit.  
Wait.

The doorbell rings.  
Call,  
"Who is it?"  
For the expected one would simply come in.  
The paperboy replies.  
Curse to yourself,  
Ask the paperboy to collect next door,  
Then come back.

Slide down to your knees.  
Force your left arm back up your right,  
Over the shoulder,  
Over head.  
Unbuckle the strap behind your neck,  
Pull at the garment until  
Shoulders start to emerge through throat.  
On to your back,  
Bring linked legs up,  
Arm strap under bare soles,  
Straighten legs,  
And slither arms free of the skin jacket.

Short work is made of the remaining fastenings.  
The boy returns,  
As you throw on robe and find the necessary two dollars,  
You silently congratulate yourself  
On the previous four minutes.

In this case,  
Leaving is easier than entering.



Business done,  
You:  
Bind ankles,  
Adjust straps,  
Apply the thing to your body,  
Tighten straps,  
Slightly punish loins,  
Entangle arms,  
Sit,  
As a key is inserted in a lock  
And the door opens.

He moves behind you,  
Places an arm across your shoulders,  
Under your chin.  
He tugs the strap at the nape of your neck,  
And the one across your shoulder blades,  
To their shortest measure.  
Far tighter than you were capable of,  
Likewise the bottom strap at your waist.  
Then he adjusts the band attaching your sleeves  
Across the small of your back,  
Until elbows ache and shoulders threaten to pop from sockets.  
The strap between shoulder blades and waist  
Is undone,  
And retightened over the sleeve strap.

He goes to the dining room,  
You follow,  
Not hopping,  
But with mincing steps,  
Representing the greatest movement allowed your fettered legs.  
He gets his dinner and sits at the table.

And you begin your struggles,  
Useless strivings.  
The small maneuver that  
Positioned a body strap  
Over the sleeve strap,  
Will prevent pulling your encumbered arms free,  
As you had before.

But if you cease your toil,  
The one at the table faces you  
With an expression that promises nothing.

So you continue  
A fruitless labor  
To elude the confining grip.  
Twisting,  
Turning,  
Writhing,  
Moaning,  
Grunting,  
You perform limited gymnastics  
To merely stagger,  
And not fall.  
A Sisyphean endeavor  
For his pleasure.

He finishes and leaves.  
You can barely follow.

He is on the bed waiting.  
You collapse on it,  
Feebly thrash next to him.

Fingers knotted in your hair pull back your head,  
Lips crush yours.  
He kisses the sweat of your exertion,  
Covering your face and neck with attention.  
He kneads your breasts,  
And the nipples press impossibly harder against the leather.

He takes his hands and firmly strokes down,  
Down sweat-slick thighs and calves,  
Thrilling skin and muscles again and again.

He uses his tongue,  
And you nearly scream.  
Reflexively, instinctively, you fight your bonds.  
Arms and legs strain,  
Either to pull him closer,  
Or stop the wonderful agony.  
You know not which.

An interminable time,  
He turns to unfasten the crotch strap,  
Adjust your ankle restraints,  
So you can accommodate him.

To dissolve in ecstasy that knows only bounds.

## C'MON, PITCH IN!

We're still trying to expand the "By The People" section of "Bondage Life" by encouraging readers to submit personal photographs and non-fiction articles for consideration.

If privacy is what you're worried about, it's easy enough to protect your Bound Beauty's identity by having her face away from the camera when you photograph her or by arranging her gag, blindfold or hood so that she can't be recognized.

As for articles, they should be carefully thought-out, soft core and double-spaced leaving us room between lines for (leaving us room between lines for editorial changes).

The most interesting bondage photographs we ever see are those that are sent to us by readers: different ladies, different settings, different wardrobes and styles and different kinds of bondage. We just wish more of you out there would send us good material so that we could share it with other bondage enthusiasts in "Bondage Life."

We don't guarantee publication of all submitted materials, but we do make every effort to find room for those pictures and articles that have been composed with enough obvious care to be of special interest to our readers. Let us hear from you.



Dear Harmony,

We are a middle-age couple of modest means who must obtain bondage items easily and economically. What we've managed to do may be of interest to others.

We have tried various type of tape, including masking tape, which comes in plain brown and red colors. These we have found at local hardware and general merchandise stores for about three rolls for a dollar. Sometimes, during a sale, stores will offer five rolls of different colored tape for a dollar. All are good to use and inexpensive for contrast for color pictures. The tape is easy to apply and remove, especially if baby oil or other lotion is applied first. The colorful contrast of design for gags, blindfolds and bondage is limited only by the user's imagination. As an example, hands placed palms together with the fingers then taped together in different color tape looks nice, the same holding true for wrists, legs, and other parts of the body.

Another item which can be obtained easily are the common elastic bandages, which come in three to six inch widths. Drug stores usually carry these. First aid bandages are also available and quite nice for bondage use. They can be dyed different colors for contrast and make fine hoods, arm sheaths and so forth.

Colored swim caps can usually be found in sporting goods stores, sometimes for as little as \$1.29 each. These are good head covers and good blindfolds too, when pulled down over the eyes. Here also you can make a complete head covering by using two of them. One goes over the top and covers the head and the other goes over the face. You can mark breathing holes when first applied with a marking pen and then use a plain paper punch to make the required breathing holes.

At the sporting goods store, you can also buy golf mittens made of leather—the ones which fit over woods. These are good for securing the hands and can be securely tightened at the wrists by running rope or chain. Some also have a round "D" type end fastening for further securing if desired.

Old military belts make good straps. They come in colors and can be purchased at any military surplus store for around \$1.50 each. They now also come in different colors—red, blue, white, black and brown. Other inexpensive straps are the varying widths of luggage straps which are also found in military surplus stores.

Sponges which can be found in grocery stores in various colors are useful items for gags and eyepads.

Oh, yes, the sporting goods store also have golfer's wiffle balls which make nice secure mouth filling gags when secured by inserting elastic through the already-made holes. Here again the elastic strips can be found in sewing centers, and come in colors and different sizes and make good bondage ties, just like rope. While at your sewing center store, you should check out stretch and sew fabrics which can be made into straps, gags, blindfolds and when fastened by the "velcro" strips, are secure enough to use for photo sessions and not all that uncomfortable.

Collars are a good decorative item and can be found almost anywhere.

Rain jackets with hoods can be turned around, zippered up the back and then serve as straight-jackets. When the hood is pulled up over the face, it becomes a nice mask. Just be careful when using it as a hood by making sure that proper breathing holes have been made.

*A Reader in Ohio*

Dear Editor,

Well, you've done it, haven't you? You've got me completely hooked on your wonderful publications, and I felt that I must write to tell you how good they are. I've been buying bondage magazines from the U.S. since 1974, but yours set a new high in style, format and ideas. Well done!

One of my main reasons for writing, was to tell you how very pleased I am at your re-introduction of bathing-caps as accessories to bondage. Confining a beautiful woman's hair is the sort of imposition most men should really learn to understand for what it does psychologically to a woman. Your photo segments of Joanne Link and that other nameless beauty in BONDAGE LIFE 3 - both wearing tight rubber caps - were a delight to see. I was naturally disappointed at finding issue 5 without the bathing-capped Jennifer West advertised in your flyer for that issue, but am all forgiveness in patient hope of future issues showing your truly feminine models trussed, gagged and bathing-capped.

With BONDAGE LIFE 6 so recently to hand, and while on the matter of your subject material etc., please let me suggest a photo angle you might consider. While I am well aware of your costume-and-format preferences (lingerie, hose, heels, boots), I would dearly love to see some of your models dressed as *cheerleaders*. As incredible as it seems, this has been a much-neglected area in most bondage publications (especially considering male fantasies).

The shots of Lyndia as a bride and the helpless young woman wearing long white knee-socks and underwear on page 37, convinced me all over again of what an untapped goldmine the subject of cheerleaders-in-bondage would be. As I see it, it's in the same area as a regular magazine featuring bondage stills from movies, though given Harmony's close professional association with MOVIE STAR NEWS, I can well understand why this doesn't happen. But cheerleaders...

Having admired so many of the Harmony models now, and having noted how frequently your photographers/designers prefer restrained (pardon the pun) and simple colours (white, black, etc.) I think that a cheerleader segment would be ideal for your magazine - especially should a selection of your ladies be fitted out in white outfits - tiny white skirts, cling-white tops or sweaters, long white knee-socks and - please! - white sneakers. Please don't forget those. Those of us who have long-admired nubile young cheerleaders on the field and had our fantasies of abducting one always see them wearing their simple white Keds. The legs of all your regular models are good enough to take such flat-soled shoes and heels simply wouldn't do. So please, should you consider such a format, don't shy from fitting your cheerleaders out in white sneakers. Let me for a moment call to mind Shirley Maclaine dressed as one of those gorgeous white-clad cheerleaders in the movie "John Goldfarb Please Come Home". Those leaping, unattainable young misses certainly represent *possibility*.

Anyway, enough of the hard-sell. As an inducement, I have enclosed a picture of two captive "cheerleaders" of my own - two truly lovely tennis girls I had the good fortune to be involved with. Robyn on the left has since become the lady of my life, and the subject of much further loving torment. Lorraine on the right is one of her closer girlfriends. As you can see, both Robyn and Lorraine are





wearing white skirts and tops, white socks and tennis shoes. Their wrists are tied behind their backs, their legs and feet are bound, and they are gagged with some very sticky adhesive tape. Both of them admitted to enjoying themselves immensely being tied together like that and confessed later that they were turned on by the experience. I think that is obvious when you look at their eyes. I shan't go into details, but it is important that your readers realize that no favours were being done here - this was a spontaneous and natural development one evening when these young misses decided to taunt me and play the cheeky female bit. What you see here is simple justice; making the punishment fit the crime, so to speak.



The second photo is of Robyn on her own, dressed as she so often is these days for one of our favourite outdoor sports. To recall T.A.'s article on "public bondage" and "outdoors bondage," I should mention that Robyn has been taken on seven early morning runs on a secluded beach near Sydney, dressed exactly as you see her here except for the rubber gloves. It's pretty out-of-the-way-rubber gloves. It's a pretty out-of-the-way spot, I must admit, but there is always the chance of neighbours, surfers or fishermen providing an impromptu audience.

For these runs, I savour every moment of getting Robyn ready. I gag her with white surgical tape or a tight white bandage over a little in-the-mouth packing (not too much, of course), bind her arms and wrists (either in front or behind), and then drive her down the access road to the beach, where she is dragged squirming from the back seat of the car wearing only white socks and white tennis shoes and a white rubber bathing-cap. These items of clothing I have made her put on in front of me before tying her up. Sometimes her body is oiled for the occasion so that it shines beautifully in the sun. When I have her out of the car,

we then run the length of the little beach and back together, which takes only five to seven minutes. Sometimes I've even led Robyn along on a tether, which infuriates her terribly, though never once has she requested that we abandon these exercise sessions. You see, they actually represent the most delightful form of foreplay; a most exhilarating and arousing lead-up to a most obvious conclusion. Robyn has dared me to swap roles with her sometime, which I have so far refused to do. She wants me to be naked and oiled, wearing only a rubber cap, white socks and tennis shoes, bound, gagged and tethered. She reckons that she will then put on tight white tennis shorts, a white tee-shirt, socks and sneakers and give me some "exercise" to see how I "take it." What an irony that the only way I can demonstrate my courage in such an instance is to let myself be made helpless. I'll have to think about this...

I hope that these pictures are suitable for publication in *BONDAGE LIFE*. The subjects are most definitely of age and both willing to see themselves appear in the magazine we have so often looked at together.

Yours sincerely,  
*A Reader in Australia*

Sirs:

In the last *Bondage Life*, you asked for a show of hands from those of us who would like you to produce and market a line of panties (ala Klaw). I'm all for it! In fact, any item of clothing or bondage paraphernalia using nylon-spandex would be of high interest: body or arm sheathes, hoods, body suits, face masks, shoulder-length gloves, hand mittens. By all means go ahead, here is one customer.

Since you asked for an indication of personal preferences of nude vs. lingerie bondage, I will tell you that I have absolutely *no* interest in nude bondage, preferring both victim and master/mistress to be clad in sexy feminine attire. Please continue your fine lingerie format—it is greatly appreciated, at least by this reader.

Photos and stories of sexily-dressed victims in the process of being bound and teased are quite stimulating, especially when the person doing the teasing is well dressed in lingerie, hose, heels and form-fitting dresses, skirts or gowns. Sexy feminine costumes add to any photo sequence.

I have often pictured myself on the receiving end of such treatment and greatly appreciate your photos and stories showing facial expressions of dominance, pity, amusement or revenge,

as well as fear, distress, torment, trepidation and helpless frustration. A facial expression can make all the difference in the effect a picture has on its viewer.

To be teased, tormented, touched while dressed in tight feminine apparel is my strongest fantasy. I enjoy imagining my plight of helplessness and looking into the face of a beautiful captor as she caresses my body through sensuous fabrics. To be bound helplessly by bonds that are soft but unyielding without the pain of ropes or chains or straps that are too tight; to be dressed in tight slips, panties, nylon, corsets, sheath skirts or gowns by my mistress; to find myself forced to walk with bound hands in high heels while ruffled skirts, slips and petticoats tickle my legs and back; to feel my body compressed by stretchy silky fabrics; to have my beautiful female captor reach up under my skirt while I'm trying to retain my balance in the high heels; to be tightly gagged so that I must accept without protest all she does; to be blindfolded unable to see what she is doing next; to not know what to expect; to be brought to the brink at her pleasure.

All these sensations in the total absence of physical pain are what I have grown to crave more than anything else.

*A Reader in Massachusetts*

Dear Mr. Harmon:

Thank you for respecting my privacy and letting me believe that I can share a little more about myself with you.

As you can see, my photos normally show me dressed in garters and stockings and I am naturally tied and gagged. As you can see, I like ball gags and steel handcuffs, for both are very secure. In public, I always wear nylons and high heels, but, from want of very high-heeled shoes which are not easily bought here, I have to put on what I have. I really hate pantyhose and always wear my garter-belt or panty-girdle under my dresses.

I am 170 dm tall (Editor's Note: someone convert these European measurements for us and we'll stick the conversions in our next "Tielines."), and have my weight at 51 kg. My hair is brown and long, but I do wear wigs sometimes. I have gray-green eyes and my other measurements are 86-59-89 cm. As a young girl, I learned to shave my pubic hair, but now I hate it and only do it for posing and photos sometimes.

After high school and University, I discovered my love for bondage and submissiveness, so I took my first job as an air-hostess at a private airways company. After some months, I was the first secretary of the director and soon he



had taught me to be his slave. I was there for three and a half years and since then I am looking forward to finding my next real experienced bondage master.

Temporarily, I am working at a leather and rubber shop. I have to sell the garments and the restraints to the Masters who come in with their slaves. Only sometimes I may put on the things to show them for special customers before they choose their things.

In my spare time, I go cart-racing and in summer I dig the flights on my Delta Flyer. In winter, I am a long-distance skier and mainly in winter I have my trainings every day. This is best for my slim figure, a necessary item for a bondee.

My favorites in music are disco sound and, on the other side, Bach and Beethoven. As a child, I had to learn to play the piano and the organ.

My favorite color is brown. My favorite foods are coq au vin and pizza con funghi. My favorite wine is Marquis de terme (a Bordeaux). I drive an old Mercedes 190 SL. My fantasy is that there is a master who can give me a real kidnapping. He must do better ropework and use more effective gags. If he is the owner of an old castle...

Yours truly,

*A Reader in Europe*

*Another Note from the Editor: Wethinks this little gem may well belong in our fiction department since it seems to be getting laid on a little thick, but, what the hell...*



Because of space limitations in this issue of "Bondage Life," we are unable to complete the "Leslie" fiction whose first two installments ran earlier. Hopefully, we will present the third and concluding chapter of "Leslie" in "Bondage Life," Number 8.



FROM A READER  
IN SWEDEN





**FROM A READER  
IN LOS ANGELES**



**FROM AN  
ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTOR**



**FROM A READER IN  
THE CARIBBEAN**

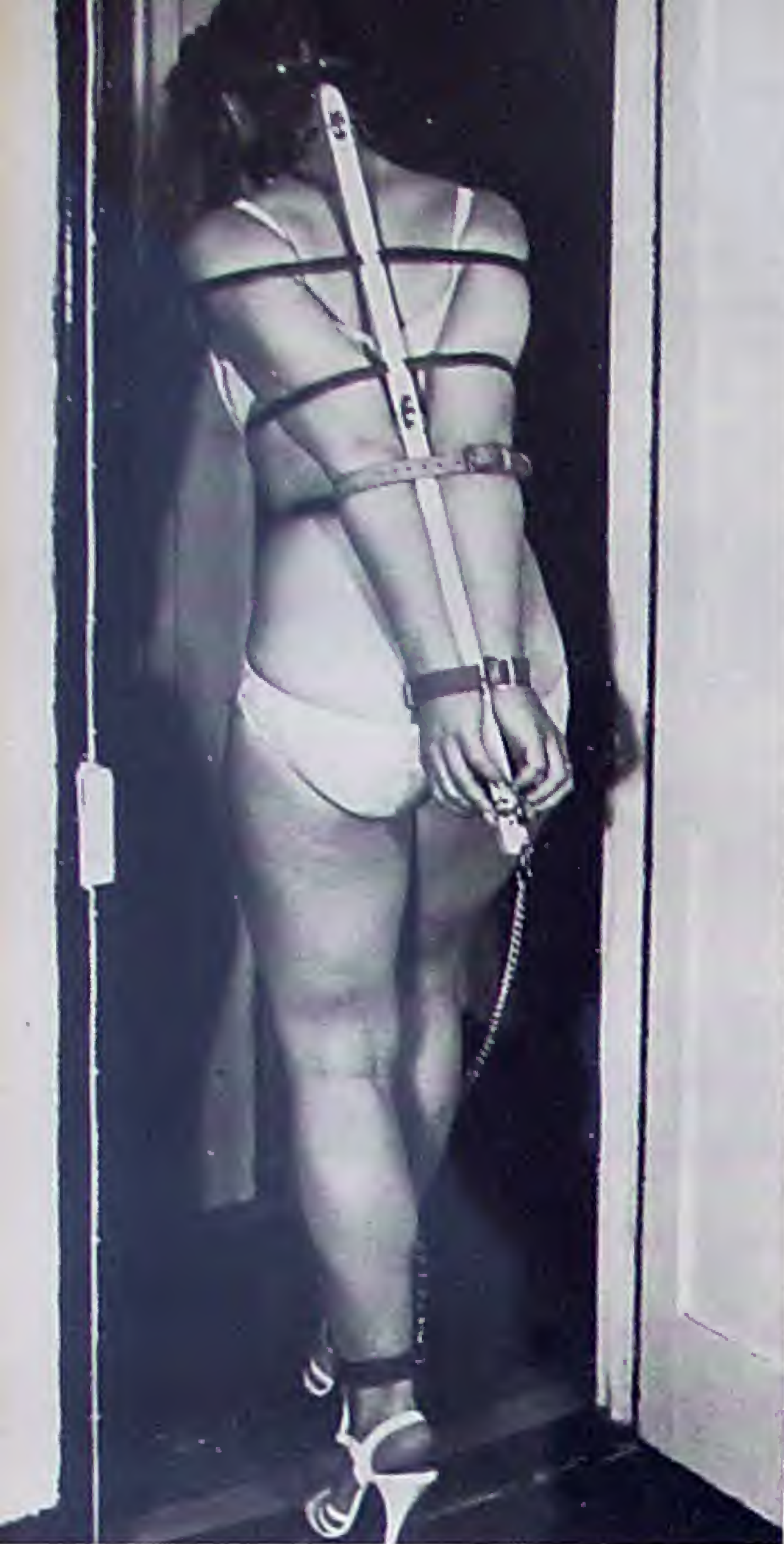




FROM A READER  
IN ENGLAND









"My propensity for putting chains on ladies was common knowledge. I'd ceased making any effort to conceal it—nor would there have been any particular point in doing so. It was a sexual abnormality like many another, and in a decadent society in which the more usual forms of twisted sex, when they occurred, went unhidden and condoned, my friends, acquaintances, servants and the countryside (so long as I never indulged in excesses that might interest the police, which I never did or ever dreamed of doing) were generally tolerant, sometimes sorry for me, sometimes bored, sometimes amused...."

# WILLIAM SEABROOK & THE LADY IN CHAINS

*By Carl McGuire*

**T**he year was 1942. There was a war going on; FDR was in the White House; Irving Klaw was still six years away from seeing the commercial possibilities of combining panties, bras, and ropes. America, in general, was a repressed society, and anything that suggested sexual deviation was kept well hidden.

And yet here was William Seabrook, a respected writer, telling the world that, back in France a decade earlier, he not only enjoyed the thought of tying up girls, he enjoyed the practice as well. That kind of honesty is rare today; back then, it was all but unheard of. But Seabrook was an exceptional man, well aware of his weaknesses as well as his gifts, who believed in telling the truth about himself. In his long-out-of-print autobiography, "No Hiding Place" (New York: J.B. Lippincott Company, 1942), he tells of his Maryland upbringing, his young manhood, his battlefield experiences in World War I, his wives, his women, his successes as a writer, his mingling with the likes of James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Jean Cocteau, Thomas Mann, and Aldous Huxley, his travels, his alcoholism—and his love of the sight, or even the thought, of a woman who was tied or chained.

It was his "supreme want," he says, the strongest force in his life. Its roots, never fully uncovered, lay deep in his childhood, and he was aware of this force early, long before he knew it was a sexual thing. "From the beginning in my up-to-

then forever," he tells us, referring to himself at age 8 or so, "any thought, sight, picture, image, story, tale, or mere suggestion of a girl-in-chains, or with bound hands, had been more desirable than any other image—whether in the objective world of picture books, magazines, statuettes and stories, or in the subjective world of my own childish fantasy."

And he found the raw material for his fantasy everywhere, it seems. His father was a minister and his grandfather a newspaper editor, and the family home was full of illustrated books and picture albums, history, mythology, art books, magazines. "I found Andromeda chained sometimes to a rock and sometimes to the stars, Boadicea chained to chariot wheels, Beatrice Cenci chained most often

In an art book, "I found a page in which Jupiter had hung Venus by her wrists from the limb of a tree with an anvil tied to her ankles." And in his father's bedroom was a statuette of a pretty Greek slave, "like the Venus de Medici, except that the girl's hands were chained together."

Where his "supreme want" came from, he did not know, or care. "All I know is that the lady-in-chains had been there always."

But dreaming about it was not enough. At that same early age, clearly presexual, he felt the compulsion to actualize that dream. There was a little neighbor girl named Mary Belknap, he tells us, with

whom he used to climb up to the roof of a shed in the moonlight and kiss. "She used to let me tie her hands behind her with the ribbon from her hair."

He doesn't call it "bondage." That word, a commercial application, really, didn't enter the language in a specific sexual sense until later. There were no precise words for the thing that drove him, and few likeminded people with whom he could even discuss it. So, like an explorer in a strange land, he used the only words he knew to describe it, and, in doing so, became a pioneer—quite possibly the first to travel in that strange land and then return to tell us, unashamedly, what he had found.

Seabrook is a kind of godfather to all those who themselves seek the lady in chains and who also seek to bring their quest out into the daylight. In retrospect, this all-but-forgotten writer with the gift of honesty clearly was speaking for us.

It is a colorful life he writes about. College in South Carolina, newspapering in Georgia, bumming around Europe, a stint as a music critic in Atlanta, then marriage and the advertising business. Just when he began to close in on success for the first time, as an advertising executive in Atlanta, an inner demon plucked him out of the safe, predictable life and sent him to France as an ambulance driver in World War I. It was a demon he was to encounter many times, and his periodic sorties away from comfort and responsibility and toward adventure, even danger—whether in the



far corners of the world or in the bottle—gave him the title of his book. For all his running, there was no hiding to be found.

But he tried, and his attempts added excitement to his life and made him mildly famous. After attempting one career after another—advertising, writing for the King Features Syndicate, becoming associate publisher of the New York American—he found that his talent lay in writing books on exotic subjects. From then on, his skills of expression and his periodic compulsion to head for far-off locales dovetailed neatly.

He lived in the Arabian desert with the Beni Sakhr Bedouins, went on horse-stealing raids with them, and wrote it all down in "Adventures in Arabia" in 1927. He spent two years in the mountains of Haiti, studying voodoo, and described what he found in "The Magic Island"—and in the process, he tells us, became the first American writer to use the word "zombie" in print.

He spent a year in the Ivory Coast jungles and, researching the natives' practice of ritual killing and cannibalism, tasted human flesh, then described it ("It tasted like mature veal or young beef") in "Jungle Ways." When his drinking got out of hand, he had himself committed to a New York mental hospital and even got a book out of that experience—"Asylum."

Through all his travels and his writing and his socializing with the famous and near-famous, there was his obsession, lending a delicious sexual flavoring to his life—the lady in chains, in all her incarnations. Sadly, neither of his two wives ever participated in his fantasy, but it is to their credit that they at least understood, and allowed him to seek it.

And he found it almost everywhere. Renting a house in France with his second wife, Marjorie, "We had for a while as a house-guest a lush, young, small-time actress whom I'd nicknamed Imogene," he tells us.

She called me Georgie Porgie and was not averse to playing kissing games. I had a short silvered chain that fitted around her crossed wrists, and she went about a good deal, mingling uninhibited with any friends who chanced to call, in the garden and even on the semi-private beach, with her wrists locked behind her.

"See what Georgie Porgie's done to me today! Isn't it absurd!"

Living with the Bedouins as a guest of Sheikh Mitkhal, he found himself presented with a young girl named Anisha, a combination servant and concubine:

One night I tied her hands behind her,

and when I awoke late next morning she was out near the wells with her the other women, gabbing, laughing, chattering—with her hands still tied behind her. They'd washed her face and tidied her. I was the one who was a little embarrassed. She said it was nothing—it had happened to her before—it happened to many girls in the desert—it happened to all girls if it pleased their masters....

While settled in a country home in upstate New York with Marjorie, working on his book "Witchcraft," he turned to a specific kind of research, one that involved the use of certain equipment—and certain research assistants:

I now bought such paraphernalia as was purchasable—causing the man in the basement of Hammacher-Schlemmer to inquire whether I was connected with a circus—had in bewildered local carpenters and a blacksmith to help build what I couldn't buy. We made a cage similar to the one the Manchu princess who turned Taoist saint had been imprisoned in for twenty years. We even built a witch's cradle. And never, when things got going, was there any dearth of young apprentice witches. I called them "research workers." Most of them were enthusiastic volunteers. Sometimes

flamboyant young creatures came in their own cars and entered the Bluebeard's castle to disappear for days or weeks. Sometimes Bob Martin, our local taxi driver, brought them from the train or ferry.

"Got another 'research girl' for you, Bill," he'd phone, "and she's a lallapaloosa."

...Marjorie and our servants were long-suffering. The countryside, a little shocked, a little amused, was tolerant too. Whatever went on in that weird studio in the woods, it was a matter of public knowledge that I was going to write a book about it, and that—illogically—made everything forgivable.

The lady in chains came in many guises. The most striking, perhaps, was one he encountered early on, a remarkable young woman named Deborah Luris. If Seabrook sexually was a man ahead of his time, Miss Luris, for a woman, was light-years ahead of hers. Visiting in New York, shortly after World War I, he met her through a mutual friend, then promptly forgot her—until a poem brought her back. Reading a translation of Heinrich Heine, he stumbled across a passage in which the writer tells a woman that in a dream, he

saw her chained to a pillar. The image haunted him. "The lady I saw chained by the waist to the Corinthian pillar was at first anonymous," Seabrook says, "but one night her features began to take form in my imagination and I recognized with some surprise the face of a girl I'd met casually in New York, and then completely forgotten."

She had made no special impression on me and I had some trouble in recalling her name, which was Deborah something or other—Deborah Luris. Yet here was her face now, definite and vivid, a broad, animal face, Slavic or perhaps remotely Oriental, short chin, wide mouth with curving lips, wide-set greenish eyes, exaggerated cheekbones, and a mop of copper curly hair which came down in bangs on her wide, low forehead.

She was the type that's always being chained to pillars or tied to trees, or loaded with barbaric bangles in Victorian steel engravings...

I hadn't said ten words to her....Knowing nothing whatever about her and doubting she'd remember me—there was no reason why she should—I took a long shot in the dark and wrote her a letter, in care of the studio. I told her all about it, without hashing words, quoted the lines from Heine, explained that I was afflicted that way and wondered whether she'd be willing to do anything about it. In ten days a short note came back.

"Sure, why not? Come on up. But why be so solemn and self-conscious about it? It might be fun...you could take me to walk in the park at night, on a leash! Something new, what!...even for Greenwich Village."

Good God, I thought, why the devil have I always been so solemn about it? I'd kept a carbon of the long letter I'd written the girl, and it was sickeningly solemn. I showed it to Katie (his first wife) with Miss Luris' answer, and Katie said:

"Go on up for a few days. Maybe it will do you good. Maybe she's what you've been looking for. Please don't get into trouble—but I know you won't do that. You never do."

He sent a telegram to Miss Luris and, two afternoons later, met her in the dining room of the Brevoort Hotel:

She laughed out loud when she saw me, and said, "So you really came. I somehow didn't think you would. You sounded too fantastic to be real. Have you got a whip under your coat and a pocketful of chains?"

I think I must have blushed, and then I laughed too....



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She'd spoken rapid French to the waiter, was obviously—as our talk went on—as well read as I, or better. Presently, as I sat pleased but nonplused and wondering whether I'd bitten off more than I could chew, she was telling me coolly as if we were a couple of kids planning a Sunday picnic that a fashion-illustrator friend of hers had gone off to Bermuda and lent us a garret studio overlooking the Square. There was a big built-in couch, she said, with a “conveniently located” pillar running up to the rafters. She already had a wide metal belt, and suggested that the basement of Hammacher-Schlemmer would be a good place to get whatever locks and chains “we” needed. She'd come along, if I liked.

I was getting dizzy and a bit incredulous.

“Have you ever done anything like this before?” I asked

“No,” she said, “...at least not since I was a little girl.”

I had an idea it was going to be fireworks. When people uncork parallel or complementary chimeric wish-fantasies, sparks generally fly. And so they did—for a week.

As he became more adjusted to his fantasy life, he more openly took pleasure in it, and Miss Luris was often there as an enthusiastic participant. While he and Katie were living in Greenwich Village, they often were invited to unusual parties:

One night when the Barkentins were giving a “pirate party” with Katie, as I recall, escorted by Sewall Haggard, I thought it may be fun to take Miss Luris on a chain. I would be a Barbary corsair and she would be my Spanish captive maiden.... I had a Moorish sash and dagger, a big red bandanna, and brass curtain rings for my ears. Miss Luris came to dinner, with a heavy handbag. When she emerged later, she was all in red and yellow satin with a tortoise-shell comb and a wide silver belt round her slim waist. I chained her hands behind her, hooked a dogchain to the belt, and we went to the party.

Miss Luris was one of the belles of the ball. Everybody wanted to dance with her, and nearly everybody did. She never asked to have her hands unchained. Her cavaliers and dancing partners held drinks to her lips, fed her cold turkey in aspic, and when she had to powder her nose, damsels disappeared with her and aided.... I had come a long way from Westminster, Maryland, Doddsburg, South Carolina, and Rotarian Atlanta. I

had left a world where fantasy was almost reprehensible as crime and begun to touch a word in which no fantasy was taboo so long as the fantasist didn't smoke cigars in elevators and went back to work the next day.

In his attitude toward his own desires, Seabrook seems to have moved from a kind of shame to a kind of acceptance. When he first met Katie (a gay, brave girl, a good girl and a wise girl too”), his obsession made him unworthy of her: “We were both wrong for each other—I intrinsically wrong, unstable, twisted, she wrong only for me, as right and straight within herself as they ever come.” At another point, he tells us of the two “itches” that dominate his life—the itch to write, and “that other diseased itch which urged me toward forbidden fantasies.”

With travel and experience, however, came perspective. Sitting in a desert tent with Sheikh Mitkhal one night in 1926, he reflects to himself on different standards of sexuality:

And as for my private obsession, my delight in girls-in-chains, it was less fantastic, less outside the norm, less difficult of gratification here, than in the land from which I'd run away. It was a less unusual thing here for an otherwise sound man to indulge in twisted sex fancies, and mine, which Brill had long ago explained to me was a mild form of sadism, fetishistic rather than bloody, cruel, or brutal, was common in Arabia. Mitkhal knew all about it, just as my friends and acquaintances in New York knew all about it—and regarded it with an even more tolerant detachment than they.... So that if it had pleased me to dangle a dozen of the most beautiful houris then available in the Euphrates Valley from the ceiling on the first night I went to bed with his niece, neither Mikhal nor she would have raised their eyebrows.

William Seabrook was a complicated man, not the most stable of men, but a talented person who was driven to experience all that life had to offer. Finding himself in pursuit of a sexual grail so forbidden that few had ever spoken or written about it, he chose to recognize it, express it, and take delight in his quest.

And in doing so, he deserves a special place in our collective memory. For each of us has his own dream to pursue, his own lady in chains, and, like William Seabrook, we too can say that she has been there always. □

## SPECIAL NOTE!

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### Answers To Movie Quiz

1. D
2. E
3. B
4. G
5. F
6. A
7. C



She was certain now that Peter Tombar and the Sneckers were working together in the Velvet Gang. They meant to pull one final robbery and flee.

But what good was this knowledge? She was unable to notify the police or even to free herself and Bess.

'Oh, why did I let myself get caught!' Nancy scolded herself....

In their prison room Nancy and Bess were suffering intense discomfort. Their gags made swallowing difficult, and the cords cut deeply into their flesh.

'Those men made a thorough job of seeing that we don't get away,' Nancy thought grimly.

So tightly had her wrists bonds been tied, she realized that she could never unfasten them without aid. The ropes about her ankles were somewhat looser, but it was impossible to reach them.

'I'll wiggle around and perhaps I'll find something to help me get them off,' Nancy thought eagerly. 'But where is Bess?'

As she rolled and twisted on the floor, Nancy brushed against an object with a sharp edge. It seemed to be a loose metal band around a large box.

At once Nancy raised her bound feet and began to saw her bonds across the metal. It was hard work. Repeatedly she abandoned the task as fatigue overcame her. But after each rest period she tried again.

Finally she succeeded. The frayed ankle cords broke. Her feet were free!

Nancy scrambled up, and though she still could not see because of the blindfold, she groped backwards with her tied hands until she found the sharp piece of metal. Another five minutes and both hands were free. She jerked off the blindfold and removed the gag.

'What a relief!' she gasped. (*The Clue of the Velvet Mask*, pages 132-136, 143-144).

In the average Gothic novel, the plight of the heroine is very similar to that of Miss Drew recounted above but with some differences in the plot. Usually, the physical environment is one of isolation and on the illustrated cover of most such books we see depicted a young, slender woman, dressed in night gown or flowing clothes, an expression of search and/or apprehension on her face, overshadowed in the background by a tower-like house. She comes to the old house/mansion/castle early in the story, often as an heiress. She is alone. There is a young man with whom she forms a tentative romance, but often he is suspected by her of foul play. There is frequently an evil woman, and it is she who makes the young heroine a captive. The penultimate scene - of capture, struggle and sometimes escape - has one of the following common elements. (a) The heroine is locked in a vault/cave/cupboard; (b) she is pursued to a cliff's edge - the sea, water (the action sometimes takes place in a heavy rain-storm) and cliff are key motifs; (c) the heroine discovers the protagonist's fiendish plot (to cheat her or a close friend out of an inheritance) but before she can go for help she is pursued and abducted.

The last scenario often introduces a bondage scene. In it, the heroine is rendered unconscious. She regains consciousness slowly and finds herself bound and gagged. Her struggles that follow either meet with success, or she is rescued in the nick of time by the dashing young hero, who tenderly removes bonds and gag, etc. The example which follows has one of the longer bondage scenes which one may find.

"She heard the crackle of a twig, broken under an incautious foot, but it was too late. Before she could swing her light around, before she could so much as open her mouth in a scream that might rouse a neighbour, she was struck on the back of the head and went down in a red haze of pain..." (End of chapter... next chapter)

She was not knocked out, but the agony of the injury was, for a few minutes, incapacitating. She knew, vaguely, that hands were pulling at her...dragging her, as Mrs. Fontana had been dragged...and that someone was mouthing obscenities over her.

Beatrice. As the pain receded enough so that her mind began to function once more, Cillay knew that it was Beatrice who had jerked her hands behind her and secured them with a length of rope that cut into her flesh. Beatrice who tossed her carelessly into a corner of the garage on the hard packed earth floor, next to something smelling of gasoline and some hard sacks that might have contained cement or feed. She was in an awkward and painful position, and her head ached all the way down into her neck and shoulders. She saw, when Beatrice flashed the light around for a final inspection, the instrument with which she had been struck. A hammer, its heavy head stained with blood, dropped onto the ground beside her.

The light swung toward her face, blinding her. Cillay could not see Beatrice behind it, but the voice was familiar enough. 'You couldn't leave well enough alone, could you? Well, don't complain now if you have to pay the price for your nosiness.'

She had killed Mrs. Fontana...struck her in the chest with scissors...that was all Cillay could think of. And her aunt...what had they done to her? And Alan...she remembered, now, she had seen Alan's face...Alan's eyes open and moving...

She twisted against the ropes that restrained her wrists and ankles, trying to see across the garage. There was too little light, she couldn't make out anything.

Beatrice thought she was trying to escape. 'Struggle, for all the good it will do you. By the time I fix a gag over your mouth you'll be just helpless as he is...' (The unwilling accomplice, "Pet", has come on the scene). '...and now what are we going to do?'

'Well for one thing we can go in the house and discuss it where it's comfortable,' Beatrice decided. 'I need something to gag her with, or she'll be screaming down the neighbourhood. Have you got anything on you I can use?'

'Pet' pawed about her obese person and came forth with a handkerchief; Beatrice added one of her own stockings to it, to hold the handkerchief in place. Cillay fought against it, for the smell of it carried the stale, unpleasant reminder of "Pet's" person upon it and for a moment she gagged and choked against rising vomit. By sheer will power she forced herself not to vomit; she would only strangle herself if she could not control it. The linen square was pushed between her teeth and the nylon stocking tied over it, the knot making and uncomfortable lump behind her left ear.

The two women stood over her for a moment, making sure she was unable to move or speak...

'No more killing,' Beatrice agreed, but Cillay was looking straight up into the black eyes and she shivered, for she read no confirmation of that statement in them...

They were going, locking the padlock, leaving Cillay and Alan in darkness...(End of chapter...next chapter)

For a long time she did not try to move, beyond wriggling into a position which was slightly more comfortable. Tears flooded her eyes but she resolutely fought them back; crying while gagged is a risky proposition at best. Once Beatrice and 'Pet' had gone the darkness seemed absolute, the silence intense...

Cillay went over and over the situation in her mind, staring up into the darkness...

Rolling was awkward and painful, but not impossible. She had to maneuver around a shovel that had been dropped...had it been used to dig her aunt's grave, and waited now to dig Mrs. Fontana's?...but there was nothing else to impede her progress.



It had taken some time, for the sky was a pale gray beyond the dirty glass of the windows when she came up against the bulk that was Alan...

He lay quietly, only the sound of his breathing betraying life. If only she could work this gag loose to speak to him... would he be able to respond?...

Beatrice had done her job too well; Cillay could find nothing on which to catch the sturdy nylon that held her gag in place, and it was too tight to rub it free otherwise.

She gave up after a time, lying quietly beside Alan, grateful at least that he was warm and still breathing.

She would not have believed it possible to sleep under these conditions, but she did. She woke with a start at the sound of a key being fitted into the padlock, and blinked against the bright sunlight streaming in through the doorway. She had slept for hours, it seemed, in what must have been sheer exhaustion, for every bone and muscle ached.

Beatrice bent over her, whipping off the stocking and allowing her to spit out the gag... (Willo Davis Roberts, *The Terror Trap*, pages 193-195, 200-204).

Bondage is not always the climactic scene of a Gothic romance, but it is present in a sufficient number of cases to qualify as a key motif in the heroine's capture and struggles for release. Carl McGuire says of the bondage scenes in John Norman Gor stories that: "Nowhere else in conventional fiction, I'd wager, is his constant theme - capturing, tying, rendering helpless - so pervasive." Perhaps so, but by the same token the Gothic novel and its apparent precursors - the comics and girl's detective stories of childhood, and adult thrillers - run a close second if not neck and neck in the (concealed) erotic bondage fantasy stakes.

The heroine's plight, helpless and appealing, excites in many of us feelings that contain both reluctant pleasure and sympathy. The enjoyment taken in viewing a delectably wriggling bundle of femininity (to paraphrase freely from A. Comfort's *The Joy Of Sex*, page 168) comes often from a desire in the fantasy to set her free and by so doing to receive rewards that are appropriate from a grateful lady (noted by Gillian Freeman in *The Undergrowth of Literature*). This happens in the Gothic romance, where invariably the hero wins the heroine. The motif seems to strike answering chords in both male and female readers, although because these novels are clearly designed in our society for women they are probably read more widely by them than men. So among women especially - obviously the kinds of women who read Gothic novels, and that raises a question that I cannot answer - they are emotionally satisfying.

In passing, there are two further aspects of bondage in the Gothic adventure that are noteworthy. (1) They provide opportunity for mild fetishes. To many of us, men and women alike, a pretty girl's attractiveness is heightened when she wears one or more items of clothing that are of silk, velvet, satin or chiffon; night attire; shoes, gloves, stockings, scarves and long hair. (2) They take place in worlds of fantasy where incongruities become acceptable e.g. Nyoka struck down by a brick without obvious harmful effects, in the comic, or Cillay struck by a hammer. The Gothic heroine wears flowing night gowns (though Cillay in the story mentioned above wore slacks and blouse). Sometimes she is bound and/or gagged with torn strips of her clothing, etc. She sometimes undergoes ordeals which would be extremely dangerous in practice. Locked in trunks (wrists tied with cord, mouth taped in one story), sealed in cellars or tombs, almost drowned, she comes through unscathed with little more than bruised wrists, revived by a stiff brandy and the arms of her lover.

Bondage is more common in the fantasy world of Gothic literature than one might suppose. □







## THE NIGHT THEY TIED OL' DIXIE DOWN

For those of you who had to put up with the sight of Dixie South running around tying up everybody in sight in "Revolt of the Bondage Models," we offer this bit of bondage retribution. Here's Dixie-bound, gagged, all yours.











# MOTION PICTURE BONDAGE SCENES



MOVIE  
STAR  
NEWS

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# BONDAGE LIFE MOVIE PHOTO QUIZ



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More magnificently muffled maidens from the movies for you to appreciate and identify. Match the silenced siren with her name and then counsel with our answers on page 72 to see how well you did at guessing which gag was on which well-known actress. All photos courtesy Ira Kramer of Movie Star News, 212 East 14th Street, New York, New York 10003

- 6 A. Penny Singleton "Blondie's Big Deal"
- 3 B. Margaret Lindsay "Enemy Agents Meet Elery Queen"
- 7 C. Allene Roberts "Union Station"
- 1 D. Penny Edwards "Pony Soldier"
- 2 E. Susan Clark "Valdez is Coming"
- 5 F. Betty Hutton "Red, Hot & Blue"
- 4 G. Elizabeth Baur "Ironside"



